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THE MUSICAL COURIER,
8 RUE CLÉMENT-MAROT, CHAMPS-ELYSÉES,
PARIS, July 30, 1896.

CONSERVATOIRE—(Continued.)

After bread to eat education is the greatest need of a nation.—DANTON.

AT first glance it would seem as if the spirit of insurrection which is brooding over the face of the whole earth had cast the shadow of a wing feather over the Paris Conservatoire.

Three times during the year's competitions has the insufferable spirit of misdirected free thought found vent in impudent self-assertion.

In the petty personal prejudice of "My daughter did better than hers" the noble spirit of gratitude for the inestimable benefits of one of the grandest institutions of modern times was almost lost sight of during some fifteen minutes' squirmy squall.

Thanks to Parisian effervescence of feeling, the squall was turned into a roaring farce by the unqualified vulgarity of a disappointed candidate, who, hoisted out of all common sense by the calls of "sisters, cousins and aunts" for justice (?) to her supreme talents, planted her ungrateful hands upon her ungrateful hips and told the jury to "keep their old accessit"!

By this burst of truly prima donna serio-comics the woman lost her recognition, the respect of all polite people, the sympathy of the best musical authorities in France, and all claim to consideration as a feminine scion of a refined and well-bred race.

The habit this year, anyway, has been to act the "martyr" over the receipt of any award not the first. Short, stiff little bows and almost imperceptible little shrugs have taken the place of respectful submission. When one reflects upon the impossibility of giving one first prize to thirty-two girls of similar calibre, and upon what it means to train to the privilege of even an "accessit," these exhibitions are almost inane in their shortsightedness.

(An "accessit" generally means: "We recognize in you the possibility of first prize next year.")

M. Th. Dubois need feel in no way sensitive over the affronts coming upon the very forehead of his term of office as director. Indeed, he cannot have too high praise for the dignity, firmness and self-control with which he steered the craft of judgment through the irritating seaweed. It appears that Auber had to pass through similar annoyance on the occasion of first prize award to a little Spanish violinist of twelve years, whom angry parents could not see in any way surpassed their own Pierres and Jeans.

The name of Sarasate, however, has since vindicated the jury judgment of that day.

* * *

The girls' piano class this year numbered twenty-seven, ranging in age from twelve to twenty-one. From this lot-tery M. Pugno drew three first prizes! The sun cannot help ripening grain. M. Pugno is a superb man and great, warm, whole-souled artist, generous, instructed, honest as only a French artist can be, composer of power and attractiveness, a teacher by the love of art and humanity combined—how can a man like that help making artists and drawing prizes? He cannot.

The Schumann Carnaval was the test composition. The sight-reading piece was written by Widor.

The choice of the Carnaval is not generally approved. In the first place, on account of its length, it had to be cut out of all artistic semblance. Then it is more a chef d'œuvre of humor or of fancy, a play of spirit force, rather than one of conventional musical style, combining technical difficulty with typical forms. The play on life's carnival was beyond the reach of French children, and the difficulties incurred were more of strength demand beyond their force than technic demand beyond their skill. It is the first time that it has been used as a contest piece, and will probably be the last.

TEXAS IN THE FIELD.

One of the interesting results of the piano work was the penciled notation around the program of Mrs. L. P. Grünwald, a well-known musician and piano educator from Texas, who, with her granddaughter, Lucy Hickenlooper, was present at the contest. The latter young girl, although studying piano outside, has attracted the attention of the Conservatoire masters by her unusual talents and good training, and there is no doubt but that if this student had the courage to face Conservatoire discipline there would be something worth while in store for both pupil and school.

Weight is added to the following concise expressions from the fact that they run almost parallel with the opinions of the jury and the French press, and that the prophecies indicated by crosses on the program tallied, with one exception, with the awards. Anybody who thinks that America is napping in musical matters is mightily mistaken. They are well awake even down by the Rio Grande."

No. 1. Brilliant. Occasional loss of rhythm in syncopated passages. Read very well.

2. Musical accent. "Chopin" good, repeated notes not quite clear. Stopped so long to look at the sight reading exercise that director had to call out: "Commencez, mademoiselle!" Read slowly and correctly.

3. Bold in manner, large hand, good on chords, sympathetic touch. Read more slowly than tempo indicated.

4. Comparatively weak hands; nervous.

5. False notes at commencement, very sonorous touch, octaves stiff, much natural talent, inspired much applause through imagination. Read perfectly.

6. Very small in stature. Octave passages arranged in sixths to suit her tiny hands, causing excitement among the judges. In crossing hands to compass the large chord at the close struck the wrong note. Read well.

7. Held hand poised some time before playing; other mannerisms; lazy but talented; one of the best so far as to style; two bravas. Read slowly but well.

8. False notes at beginning. "Chopin" faster but with sentiment; ungraceful positions; wrong notes at end and beginning will lose her.

9. Large splendid hand, fine touch; great applause. Read with confidence, one mistake.

10. Pretty and graceful; playing commonplace; staccato blurred all through Read well.

11. Pedaling exceptionally good; staccato muddy. Read very well.

12. Great abandon; fine style in three-quarter passages, lost in others; warmed up wisely toward the end; effective climax. Read slowly, but very well. Prettiest dress of the lot, pink foulard.

13. Hurried, nervous, gifted. Reading excellent.

14. Excellent bass work. "Quelques accrocs!"

15. Dry, boney touch, indistinct fundamentals. Read admirably.

16. Best player so far; superb technic, individuality; pianissimos good. Read finely.

17. Good; not so much finish as the preceding. Much applause.

18. Sang well; melody in left hand; failed in skips; played hurriedly.

19. Plays from shoulder. Two bad mistakes just at the close. Read well.

21. Brilliant touch, but not mellow. Read well.

22. Sits too near piano; faulty bass; no sense of rhythm.

23. Some good piano passages. "Chopin" very good; one of the best of that part. Reading perfect.

24. Delightful ritenutos; grew better toward the end. Reading faultless. Success.

25. Very faulty bass; end confused.

26. Excellent rhythm; good musical sense.

27. Spread fingers straight over notes; did not produce good tones. Should say worst one of the class.

* * *

In the violin class the twenty-ninth concerto of Viotti was played thirty-one times!—and thirty-one times a piece of sight-reading by M. Lenepveu. Four first prizes were the result. An excellent day's work excellently well done. Ages fourteen to twenty-three years. Eight girls—oldest nineteen years and one month.

The opera class numbered eleven persons, seven of whom were men.

Faust, first act; Le Cid, first act; Le Prophète, third act; Aïda, third act; Romeo and Juliet, third act; William Tell, third act; Robert le Diable, third act; La Favorite, fourth act; Iphegénie en Tauride, first act; Oreste; Les Huguenots, fourth act, and Faust, final, were the pieces by the competitors, with repliques by pupils of the school.

Very many of the same singers appeared as contestants in plain singing, in opéra comique and in grand opera. It was extremely interesting to read the individuality of hte pupils in the three different frames. Some who could do but little as plain singers shone brightly in opéra comique. Some who seemed flat and uninteresting in opéra comique swept things before them in grand opera. It is all so interesting it suffocates one.

In no perfectly appointed opera house in the world, with decorations, music and accessories, could a more perfect illusion be created or sustained than that of a M. Sizes, twenty-four years old, who lived for the time being in the beauty, power and terrifying grandeur of Oreste in the Gluck chef d'œuvre. What superb majesty in music! Superbly sung and acted, it was a real feast. Comparative successes were also made in William Tell, Le Prophète, Les Huguenots and Faust by men. The young woman twenty-two years old, who won the first prize as *Juliette*, was certainly a case of faute de mieux as to voice, and the young Finlandaise, twenty, in Faust, who received second, was little better. They all acted well. There is evidently a decadence partout of prima donnas. The winning pupils were pupils of M. Giraudet.

The exercises in flute, hautbois, clarinet, bassoon, &c., were excellent. Other wind instruments to follow. Here is where the Conservatoire is strong. Ages ranged from fifteen to twenty-seven. M. Taffanel is professor of flute.

* * *

Poor impresarios! Now the polite and well-behaved Duse kicks over the traces, declaring that the political condition of South America is not as clear as it was when she signed her contract. But she had to pay 80,000 frs. for remaining under peaceful skies.

Frédégonde and *Delila* are the favorites of Mme. Héglon of the Opéra and Saint-Saëns her favorite composer.

On October 11 the Lamoureux concerts commence. Roger-Miclos played at Rouen at the Pierné-Joncières festival this week. Massenet has been reading Sapho aloud to Calvé, and now both have gone to finish the summer rest—one north, the other south.

* * *

Mme. de la Grange is one of the most considerate of teachers in regard to her pupils' welfare. She says that you drive girls home or into despair or worse by charging high prices. She always remembers her own early hard times, when she vowed that if ever she had to do for girls she would think for them as well as teach them.

* * *

We need here in Paris a school of stage action, a French conversation salon, an operatic club, a bureau of information for use of musicians and a school of pantomime.

* * *

There is one class of letter which I wish people would not write. Letters asking to hunt up references in Paris in regard to French people who go over to America to make a living in music, and to find out if what they say of themselves, what they have done, and their relations with the great musical powers of France be or be not true.

If these people have real, helpful merit, no matter about their relations anywhere; let them do all they can, the world needs them. If they are no good all their relations on earth or with anybody or anywhere, or what they have done or where they have sung, will do them no earthly good. In any case nothing could tempt me to interfere with the possible future of any poor souls who had left this country, where life was difficult, to try and find where life might be a little easier. Life is so hard for us all, poor devils! Let everybody alone, except to help them—or except they are absolutely harmful folks, trying to harm others, for instance, &c.

Meantime, such people had better be careful how they put things, as confidence is easily weakened, and then things are harder than ever.

* * *

This Paris is enough to kill one with its beauty. Every new day some new beauty spot; and such spots, such intoxicating expression; such form and color and perfume; such artistic care; such art in nature, such nature in the art; such quiet refinement and brooding of nature beauty over all!

In these fairy-like villas scattered about the city is a veritable treasure mine. Stumbling upon them is like floating through wonderland in a dream.

Up in the Henri Martin quarter, but hidden, back and away, and around, lies one of these nooks. You might pass entire days without a desire other than to live and breathe in the bower of a street (?), sleeping in front of miniature palaces, where it is so still you can hear the birds' wings whirr under the woven branches, and where the sun slants in only at times from the end, as into a tunnel of verdure, bringing the perfume laden breezes of the Bois in to visit with him.

Inside the stately line of railing which in graceful scrolled iron reads "Every man his own castle!" lies an interesting home, a large rambling roofed mass set in flowers and fine gravel, enveloped in trees that are objects of art—the home of a great music lover.

Domestic as she is artistic, until the arrival of a dear little baby a short time ago the house was the lady's plaything. The result is a dream of tasteful luxury, where art looks nature. Every room is a corner of a different country in style, Oriental, Egyptian, Japanese, Louis XV., &c.; Russian, too, as is the mistress of the home. The music room is perfect; the noble old trees outside are reflected in the graceful fountain in the conservatory. Even the back stairway is hung in old tapestries, and old Egyptian water carriers, pots and curios paint history to the very door.

In the Louis XV. room are two objects worthy of special attention in the midst of many such. One is a music box

in the form of a clavecin, before which is seated a charming little Marie Antoinette figure, which moves its graceful head, rolls its expressive eyes and moves its taper fingers in affected mieveries over the ivory keys, in time to the music played.

The other—listen carefully—is an antique object in dark old woods in form of a cradle, one of those cradles which swing to and fro between posts. It is full size.

The thick wood, solid mountings, heavy brass claws and the defiant cock with proud mien and crest aloft speak historic suggestions.

The cradle is a bed of exotic plants in bloom. Where you lay your hand by instinct to give the little bed a gentle swing is a precious spot. On it once lay the hand of one of the greatest fathers who ever lived, as he gazed tenderly down upon the form of the "malheureux enfant," which, like many another "malheureux enfant," smashed the urn of fate in bits, and cost him his empire, his happiness and his life. For the precious flower casket was once *the cradle of the Roi de Rome*.

* * *

On the gravel outside the back door, however, is an object which strikes an ache through the heart and makes a harsh discord in the exquisite peace of the place.

It appears that in Russia, during the chase, when the bear is wounded by the hunter nobleman. an unfortunate serf is sent forward to finish the cruel task in a hand to hand, or rather body to body, combat, when the maddened animal stands on his hind legs, and the man, diving head first under the body, dispatches, or is dispatched, as Fate wills.

Out there on the gravel this horrible tragedy is incessantly enacted in life-sized figures of weather-stained fur and peasants' garments, à la Eden Musée; the bear on his hind legs, the wretched serf buried head first in the stomach of the enraged animal, the supreme struggle expressed in heart-rending realism. I would give some days of my life to be free of the haunting picture of rage and suffering on the poor beast's face, the thin wretched body of the poor peasant, his clumsy, miserable clothing, his thin neck, legs and wrists strained to their utmost, his drawn, hunger-stained face, his hopeless and abject submission.

I could not sleep in a palace with a thought like that under the windows, and the added incessant thought that the only stain of suffering upon this exquisite world—I swear it—is that which is wrought upon it by man's inhumanity to man.

* * *

This is the home of the Count and Countess Péthion, and the countess is the woman who has become identified with the cause of Russian opera, Russian music, indeed, in Paris.

This identification is not merely a fad. Being herself a Russian gives the feeling better weight than that; being a musician still more; being an artistic nature still more; being a singer who is herself to help interpret the works of her countrymen makes the climax as to motive. Being rich, without care, active and ambitious, with nothing to prevent, makes a possibility of carrying the idea to execution; having hosts of friends in sympathy with the movement, you may see opera in America via Paris yet through the endeavors of Madame Péthion.

Linguist and writer, the translation of Tschaikowsky's Oneguine, given this season here, was translated into French by her. Her interpretation of the Russian chef d'œuvre, aided no doubt by the generous blond beauty and artistic dressing of the singer, won enthusiastic applause. The work will be recommenced in the autumn by a grand soirée musicale to be given at the home, to be followed by representations, of which you will doubtless read later on.

* * *

A charming letter from the pen of M. Jean Lassalle and from the midst même of his Usines de Chantemelle says:

"While it is true that the proposition to sing in Wagner rôle in the Opéra Comique has been made to me, nothing definite in the matter has yet been decided upon. (July 29.) The perspective of being associated with the production of a Wagnerian work before a Parisian public tempts me seriously, I must allow. Since you are kind enough to be interested in the matter, I will drop you a line the very first moment that a decision is reached."

* * *

HOME FOLKS.

Mr. Alberto Jonas, concert pianist and professor of piano at Ann Arbor University, has been in Paris looking up new music and seeing old friends. He is visiting his parents, who live in Brussels. One is never so convinced of the value of international art interchange as when meeting a *real* European artist who has spent some time in the States and is back in Europe. No one sees more plainly than the artist how universal is art principle, and how much different localities are dependent upon each other for the different features which go to make the grand whole.

Mr. Jonas is a real artist if ever there was one, artistic by both training and heredity, large, free and sincere in idea. His lines have evidently fallen in pleasant places in the States, as, with a superior position and opportunity for doing much good, he has unlimited privilege as musician, which he has been using to good advantage to judge by musical criticism of the best order in Europe and America.

An interesting pianist at present in Paris is Mlle. Adine Ruckert, a pupil of Madame Clara Schumann, who was with that esteemed musician up to the day of her death. Mlle. Ruckert was first pupil of Mme. Schumann's daughter, Eugénie, who teaches in London, to whom she went from the Paris Conservatoire. She describes Mme. Schumann as extremely lovable and agreeable as teacher. The one thing she could not endure in people was being catered to or being afraid or timid before her. She wanted people to go their way, minds on their music, and forget her. Extremely simple and regular in her life, she had gentle soft manners, peculiarly expressive eyes and was careful to coquetry in her dressing to the last—that is, to neatness and care in dressing. She specially loved black silk plainly but carefully made, and forswore all slovenliness or negligence.

She had a peculiarity of not being able to play without her rings, being known to return and get them even at the risk of tardy concert appearance, sooner than venture to play without them. That on which she dwelt most in piano teaching (outside of thought, bien entendu) was the necessity of legato in touch, the binding of sounds and the flowing of melody under the fingers. She spoke English well. Brahms was her most intimate friend. He wept like a child at her death. Joachim was another intimate. She had had eight children, three of whom are living: Eugénie, teaching in London; a daughter, who never left home, and a son. A fine portrait of Mme. Schumann and her husband may be found on the front page of the *Monde Musical* of July 30.

Mlle. Ruckert is an excellent little piano artist, and is already known to musicians in Europe outside of Paris. Her style is brilliant, certain and clear, with the famous *legato* of which her teacher was exponent. She was a great favorite with Mme. Schumann.

Mr. Percy Walling, basso cantante, organist and teacher, of New York, has reached Paris with his wife, also musician, to stay some years possibly. They are installed delightfully in the Wagram quarter and have commenced serious study with M. Sbriglia. They commence French properly—to-morrow. All Americans begin fundamentals "to-morrow." How an American does hate a fundamental!

Mr. Robert Greenwood Jones, a graduate of the Cincinnati College of Music, has come in quest of prestige, I suppose, being already well educated in music. His teacher told him he was the first American he had met who knew his "do-re-mis."

Just the same, I notice that the do-re-mis are not compulsory in the Cincinnati College any more than elsewhere. The class may commence with forty and dwindle down to one if the class so dispose. That's no way. Solfège and the Nine Commandments ought to be made compulsory in every country worthy the name. Mr. Jones speaks in praise of Mr. Van der Stucken, and hopes for many progressive reforms through his influence. Mr. Jones has been in Paris eight weeks and goes to London. He teaches, I believe, at home. Miss Daisy Moore, one of M. Giraudet's talented pupils, was trained by him. His mother is the well-known artist and musician, Mrs. Amelia Battelle, president of the Covington Art Club.

Miss Potts has gone to Biarritz to continue study with Mme. Artôt. A good, large-hearted, earnest girl, with superb voice, this singer will merit the success we all hope for her at the Opera. She has now studied four operas in French. The task is almost hopeless under the conditions, but her exceptional talent may stand instead of many other needed advantages.

Miss Hope Morgan, with her mother and sister, is up in the Surrey Hills in England, convalescing from her long illness. It is to be hoped that the musical authorities will be as kind to this young lady after recovery as they were when a profitable concert season was cut by sudden sickness. She returns to London in October.

Miss Bradley, a charming and gentle girl from Milwaukee, Wis., graduate of the Chicago Musical College, thinks of returning to America after steady and careful study with de la Grange in Paris and Blume in London. Miss Bradley was one of the most favored singers at Madame's last concert.

Mrs. Katharine Evans von Klenner, of the National Conservatory, New York, is here visiting her friend and teacher, Madame Pauline Viardot. Madame Viardot does not hesitate to pronounce Mrs. Evans her representative in America. Mrs. Evans, however, has about reached a stage, I believe, in New York where she represents herself pretty well. She adores her teacher and swears by her as the artist-educator.

Mrs. Evans speaks highly of the work that has been done by the conservatory and with regret of the disloyalty and ingratitude of pupils who have too easily forgotten what they received from the institution.

(I know one thing—Mrs. Thurber ought to have a medal from American musicians for the simple fact of being able to appreciate the Paris Conservatoire the way she has.)

Mr. Clarence de Vaux Royer, of Lancaster, Pa., is coming here to study violin with M. Marsick. He has been a student of Gustave Hillé in Philadelphia. Since then he has been pupil at the Brussels Conservatoire with Ysaye. In Berlin both Worth and Halir were his teachers.

Mlle. Francisca has gone to Carlsbad with her brother, returning in October for further operatic finish.

Mr. Elwood Allen Emory has reached Paris.

Mrs. Fanny Grant, Mme. Marie Laborde, of Milwaukee, Wis., writes for information as to the Schola Cantorum, a society for the cultivation of classic music in Paris, with a view of becoming a member; also in regard to the best schools of music, and selections to enrich winter recitals, which are part of her progressive program for the near future. That is an encouraging spirit

Miss Nora Maynard Green is still here with her flock, teaching them and showing them the beauties of Paris. Last week a reception was given in their honor by Capt. and Mrs. John C. Calhoun at the Cubat. Miss Grace Tuttle, Miss Olive Booth and Mrs. Herbert M. Gardner sang charming selections, French and English, and were praised and applauded most enthusiastically. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Morse, the United States consul and his wife; Mr. and Mrs. Harris Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Drake, Judge and Mrs. McLean, Mr. Bradshaw, Mr. Seligman, Mrs. Howard Page, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson and many others. A dance in which Captain Calhoun and Miss Green led followed the reception. This week Miss Tuttle is to sing at the home of Mme. Regnault and this makes her fourth appearance in Paris.

Miss Nanette Hamburger, of New York, and her mother arrived by the Teutonic the 24th and are staying at the Continental. They leave for London to-day, to return in a few days, when Miss Hamburger continues musical study, in which she is already far advanced.

Miss Minnie Tracey is engaged at Nice for the Municipal Theatre. The Roumanian prince impresario it appears is really a prince du sang, being nephew of Queen Natalie of Servia.

Mr. Léon Jancey goes to America this season after all, September 14 to October 17. A large number of people have written asking him not to wait till next year. See notice elsewhere in the paper. FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

Giordano.—Umberto Giordano has received permission from Sardou to turn Fedora into an opera. The text will be written by Alberto Collanti.

Anton Bruckner.—The celebrated composer Anton Brückner, who is now in his seventy-first year, is dangerously ill, and has received the last sacraments.

Miss Willy Sandmeyer.—Miss Willy Sandmeyer (Mlle Sanda) has made an appearance in Covent Garden in Nanon, with Melba, Alvarez, Plançon, &c. It was by a chance of good luck that the opportunity came, and the young débutante filled her part to satisfaction. At Mr. Ganz's request also she was invited to sing a number at a large reception at the Lyric Club, and she has sung at many "at homes." She has been visiting Miss Butt, the contralto, in London, and by her has been presented to many musical people, including Patti. Miss Butt, by the way, is in Spa at present with her mother and studying with Bouhy, after which she goes to Switzerland.

Budapest.—The tenor Franz Broulik, who for the last twelve years has been a member of the Budapest Opera Company, lately refused to sing in the Wagner cyclus to be given at that theatre, and sent to the management the certificate of two doctors to the effect that he was not in a state to sing the part of *Loge* in the Rheingold. The management obtained a certificate from two other doctors stating that he was in a condition to sing. The result is that the tenor was dismissed. Perhaps national jealousy had something to do with it. The Hungarians, in this their millennium celebration, do not look favorably on a performance at their national theatre of the works of such a thoroughly German master as Richard Wagner, and this abrupt dismissal of Broulik has intensified the hostile feeling.

Della Rogers.—Della Rogers is the only American singer, indeed the only person not French, in a troupe of sixty which the young Prince Ghica, of Roumania, has selected in France to play the coming season in the new theatre at Jassy. A competent corps de ballet is included. Among the singers are women who have made successes in Paris and various French and Italian cities; but Miss Rogers is to be prima donna assoluta. The opening is to be made in Faust. She makes her début the third night in Samson et Dalila. She is to sing in eight different rôles. Her costumes, all new, are of the most luxurious description; the jewels, crowns, bracelets, &c., made to order, cost alone over 1,500 frs. The costumes will cost over 6,000 frs.

The prince is a young dark, fascinating man, but serious; a musician, but not executant, who talks wisely and well of his venture, which is largely pour s'amuser. The theatre is scarcely finished. The best is hoped from the project for all parties concerned. Miss Rogers and her mother leave Paris for Jassy on August 27.

A Day in a Vocal Studio.

HAVING been assured one was always made welcome, I betook myself recently to the studio of the famed instructor Mr. J. H. Kowalski, Suite 55, Kimball Hall, Chicago, where I spent the day.

The studio is most artistically arranged, the walls being hung with beautifully painted tapestries, oil and water colors and etchings; floors covered with Persian, Smyrna and Cashmere rugs; windows and doors tastily draped; old and rare pieces of porcelain, cloisonné. Satsuma, bronze and Dresden clocks adorn the various tables, while some very fine pieces of statuary are seen here and there. Likenesses of pupils are found in every conceivable nook and corner, their delightful arrangement in framing and hanging adding greatly to each charming personality. On one side of the studio is arranged a platform and behind this a pier glass extending from floor to ceiling. Standing on this platform while taking a lesson pupils receive suggestions as to position of the mouth, the body, the hands and arms and the eyes, and being in a position to view themselves fully are sooner able to rectify their mistakes. In the studio is a grand piano, in the reception room an upright. Cases of books and music are numerous and nicely arranged.



Mr. Robert Harty was the first pupil to come in for a lesson. Mr. Harty has a robust tenor voice, full and resonant. He was working with great success on Lend Me Your Aid, from Queen of Sheba. After two years' work with Mr. Kowalski, Mr. Harty had a season in Fanchon as tenor soloist with Gladys Wallis.

Miss Mae Fleming followed Mr. Harty. Miss Fleming has a deep, rich, contralto voice and sings with great feeling. Her exercises were beautifully treated and the Flower Song, from Faust, on which she was studying, awakened in me the soul that had long been slumbering. She is soloist in St. Mary's Catholic Church, Chicago.

Miss Ethel Childs came next on the roll-call. Miss Childs has a coloratura soprano voice of three octave range, from G below middle C to G above high C. Her lesson was Proch's Air and Variations, most beautifully sung. Miss Childs is as pretty as she is graceful, and being not yet twenty years of age, and having studied but two seasons, a great future is without doubt hers.

Mrs. A. E. Staufer had the next lesson. She is a Chicago woman, but for the past two years has had charge of the vocal department of the Yankton (Dak.) College of Music, spending the summers at home in the further cultivation of her voice. Her particular forte is sacred music, for which her voice is well adapted.

Miss Kathryn Carter followed Mrs. Staufer. Miss Carter is but seventeen years of age, and having but just completed her second season her mezzo soprano voice shows remarkable development and power. Her singing is characterized by cheerfulness, intelligence and a high finish.

Mr. Samuel Burnett, from St. Joseph, Mo., has a rich, full baritone voice, which he handles as a great artist. His tones are big and resonant, and the covering is most artistically done. He sang with masterly and thorough understanding Eri Tu from the Mask Ball, Verdi. Critics predict a most successful future for Mr. Burnett.

Miss Amy Jaffray, of Berlin, Canada, has a remarkable mezzo soprano voice, with a range from F below middle C to high C. Miss Jaffray is a most promising pupil, having already established for herself a reputation in concert work both in Canada and America. Her lesson was on Liete Signor, Huguenots, Meyerbeer.

Miss Maude Dewey, but seventeen years of age, has mastered all the intricacies of Faust, Dinorah, Lucia and has sung The Creation, The Messiah and all standard concert arias for soprano. She has just returned from making a pronounced success at the Chautauqua meeting at Monona Lake, Wis. During the World's Fair her singing won such applause and the favorable opinion of all critics that she was given, in recognition of these facts, an appropriate medal. At this time she was but fourteen years of age. Her trills on D and E above high C, which are sung with perfect ease, are beyond any criticism, and uphold her long standing reputation as "the child wonder."

Mr. Bert Bartlett, but eighteen years of age, has an immense bass voice, full, deep and rich in quality. It is hoped Mr. Bartlett will give up the commercial life in which he is now engaged and devote all his time to his voice, which without a doubt would well repay him in the future.

It now being 1 o'clock, we repaired to the Wellington, where we were joined by Mrs. Kowalski, for luncheon. I found her a charming woman and gifted with that rare gift, a most delightful conversationalist. She is full of bright expressions and witticisms, and enters with much enthusiasm into all her husband's works, plans and ambitions. On our return to the studio we found the trio awaiting Mr. Kowalski for rehearsal.



This trio is composed of Miss Ethel Childs, soprano; Miss Amy Jaffray, mezzo, and Miss Emma Parmenter, contralto; Gertrude Dunning, contralto, substituting. They practiced Owen's Ave Marie. The richness of the voices, the exquisite blending of the tones, the thorough and perfect drill given them cannot but make this one of the best trios singing before the public to-day, and the fact that an offer has quite recently been made them to travel here and abroad for one year only confirms my opinion.

Mr. Harry Talley, a young tenor from Memphis, Tenn., has not only a voice that wins you at once, but has a charming manner and pleasing address as well. He has sung in public a great deal and always with pronounced success and repeated encores.

Next came some duet work on Blumenthal's Boat Song, by Miss Ada Kay soprano, and Miss Elizabeth Hansen, of Benton Harbor, Mich., alto. These two young misses have bright, pretty voices and under good control. Miss Kay followed the duet by singing the Staccato Polka, which only strengthened my opinion as to the quality of her voice and the good control she has over it.

Mr. Lew Bartlett stepped next on the platform. He has a full baritone voice and works with great zeal and earnestness. He is musical director of the North Congregational Church of Chicago.

Miss Cora Sinzich, from Evansville, Ind., and directress of the musical college at Fayette, Mo., has been in the city but a short time, having, like Mrs. Staufer, come in to study with Mr. Kowalski during her summer vacation.

Miss Olive Dhu Owen, of Lake Geneva, Wis., who for the last two years has been directress of Jessamine College, of Nicholasville, Ky., has a beautiful lyric soprano voice, which does great credit to herself and her teacher. Miss Dhu Owen is exceptionally good at staccato work, as shown by her exercises and her songs.

Miss Clara Alfred, also of Lake Geneva, has a very fine dramatic voice and sings with much intelligence. Miss Alfred will take charge of Mr. Kowalski's Lake Geneva class when his summer season there closes.

Miss Therese Eagle, but sixteen years of age and having studied but one year, has a very bright, clear voice that shows remarkable development, and which created a furore of excitement and encores at the last recital given by Mr. Kowalski in June.

Mrs. John Addison, a dramatic vocalist of great ability, was a pupil of Mr. Sweet for a number of years and has also studied with Mr. Kowalski for some years. She has sung oratorio extensively and concert work with Mr. Liebling numerous times. Her daughter, Mrs. Edward Camp, is a very beautiful woman and does some very artistic vocal work under Mr. Kowalski's tuition. She expects to go abroad the coming year for further study.

Miss Maude Holbrook has one of the sweetest voices I ever heard, and sings with a great deal of expression and pathos. She goes abroad the latter part of next month.

The exercises marked out by Mr. Kowalski and which comprise a part of each pupil's lesson are varied in style, arrangement and execution. This is to be expected in that they teach flexibility, sustenance, resonance, tone covering, tone placing and the art of breathing properly. A fact often commented upon and noticeable in all his pupils is the ease with which they breathe. There is no

question as to his methods insuring brilliant and thorough work.

Mr. Kowalski numbers among his pupils Mary Weaver McCauley, of California, who is about to make her début in Fra Diavolo; Mrs. McClelland, of Syracuse, N. Y., who comes to Chicago three or four times a year for a short course of study; and over 100 pupils from different parts of the globe. He attributes his success not only to his own exertions and hard work, but to his two friends, Mr. George Sweet and Mr. Emil Liebling. Mr. Kowalski in interview and social chat is most pleasing, and in the



talk I had with him he gave it as his opinion that Mr. Sweet was to-day the greatest vocal teacher in America, and that he considered Mr. Liebling the greatest pianist, as well as teacher, in Chicago.

As I bade Mr. Kowalski, his beautiful studio and charming pupils "good-by," I could not but recall the remark Liszt made of Clara Schumann: "Many make more noise; few make more music."

A. B. C.

The Power of Music.

IT is recorded that a layman once asked a religious man how he accounted for the spread of religion in an age marked by so general a revolt against even a semblance of authority. And the good man replied that he considered it the blessing of God bestowed upon the Church as a reward for excellent music. The reply might seem frivolous did we not know the art life of every nation to be complementary to the intellectual life. In Greece, when the literature was marked by a most highly tinted and poetic phantasy the artistic spirit was crystallized in marble, still, unchangeable and white. A thought became colorless and hard art grew more highly tinted and variable in expression, speaking in bewildering beauty in the cathedral and on equally gorgeous canvases, pausing not in its sensuous development to offset the mental characteristics of progressive civilization. And as thought grew less and less ideal, more and more coldly scientific, art opened to the world in its music a medium of expression incapable of being crystallized into definite and abiding form.

And the first thing that strikes one who reflects on music is its uniqueness. It is like nothing else that men do. The use of the voice in singing would be a most amazing thing to a visitor from a songless planet. Other things he might put together with more or less understanding, but music would be a hopeless puzzle. All things may, perhaps, be equally wonderful when viewed closely, but that the human voice, by a conscious act, can produce an indefinable sound by virtue of an almost infinitely rapid vibration of the air seems immeasurably mysterious. It must follow that there is something equally infinite in the human mind and heart when musical combinations have the power to arouse emotions in the soul organism, upon which these vibrations fall, and this emotion expresses itself in some immediate train of thought, feeling or will. For because the masters of harmony, rhythm and melody are forced to trust their inspirations to a system of black scratches upon destructible sheets, which must be subject to the varying interpretation of every leader, a musician who attempts their translation, music is pre-eminently the voicing of feeling, the utterance of mind.

And where is the person, however ignorant musically, whose senses are so dulled that he has not at some time

Seemed governed by a strain
Of music audible to him alone.

How the grand, harmonious cadences of an orchestra will arouse an indescribable something within the breast, inspiring joy or sorrow, delight or pain, in accordance with the characteristics of the listener; while in the glorious reverberations of the organ care and weariness dissolve, peace and rest take their place—mood and thought change with changing tones until we are filled with religious fervor and are subdued into its own apparent temper. Shakespeare once says: "I am never merry when I hear sweet music," and Irving thus describes his sensations when hearing "the notes of the deep-laboring organ" in Westminster Abbey: "The ear is stunned, the senses are overwhelmed, the very soul seems rapt away and floated upward on this swelling tide of harmony." And why should this not be so when a simple folk song, a plain melody, has the power to fill the mind with sweet and tender thoughts?

If music awakens in any soul a quiver of response to universal joys or world-wide sorrows, of which it must otherwise remain unconscious, then let that soul steep itself in music and not forget that the march of more weary-laden brothers may also be made easy by the strains of a street organ, if there be nothing better at command. The great joy of many a wee life is furnished by this wandering minstrel of the latter day, who sets a hundred small feet waltzing on a dirty pavement or muddy street. Even Amiel, the Pascal of the nineteenth century, was once so stirred by the strains of a brass street band beneath his window that he wrote: "It exercised an indefinite nostalgic power over me; it set me dreaming of another world, of infinite passion, of supreme happiness. Such impressions are the echoes of paradise in the soul, memories of ideal spheres whose sad sweetness ravishes and intoxicates the soul. * * * If music thus carries us to heaven, it is because music is harmony, harmony is perfection, perfection is our dream, and our dream is heaven."

From darkest ages and the most obscure quarters of the earth penetrated by explorers to-day we are continually reminded that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." For no race, however uncivilized, is without its music, and it is through music the savage finds his best expression of varied passions. We even read and know of instances where music has had the power of charming and subduing wild beasts and venomous reptiles.

It is a significant fact that after the close of the great civil war, when our nation was torn asunder in memorable strife, the Grand National Peace Jubilee, held in Boston in June, 1869, assumed the form of a musical festival. A chorus of over 10,000 voices and the harmony of more than 1,000 instruments rolled forth their sea of sound, accompanied by the chiming of bells and the booming of cannon—pouring out praise and gratulation at the restoration of peace in the land, in loud hosannas, with all the grandeur and majesty of which music is capable.

But the power of music is not alone in definite sound, atmospheric vibration and rhythmic melody. The whole world is embodied music. Schopenhauer has said that "were we able to give a satisfactory explanation of music we should have a true philosophy of the world." It is suggestive that the great thinkers of all ages speak for the most part alike on the subject of music and its power, and the ancient idea of the music of the spheres has been caught and used with unerring instinct by our modern poets. Shakespeare thinks "the smallest orb like an angel sings," and undoubtedly the delight we find in music springs from the fact that we ourselves share in the harmony of creation.

No art excels nature, all art is harmony—therefore nature must be the embodiment of music. There is music in the budding of a tree; in every blossom, twig and leaf; in all the nameless little sights, sounds and perfumes of the woods and country. The warbling birds, the chirping crickets and the croaking frogs each make their own music. There is music in the blue sky; the bright warm sunshine; the pale silvery moonlight and starlight; in the pattering of the rain through the leaves and in the falling of the soft, white snow. How the brook sweetly sings its way down the mountain side and through the meadow, and how the ocean gently murmurs as it laps the white sands or dashes against the unyielding rocks. Carlyle has said: "See deeply enough and you see musically," and the individual is poor indeed who has not felt his bosom swell with ineffable and inexpressible charm as if listening to



exquisite music, at the unfolding of nature's glories and in watching her various moods and phases.

Architecture has been likened "to frozen music," and all other arts might be included in that simile. The soul and grace of the most intellectual compositions to which the world has been treated are but the outward expression of a musical soul. Music makes the mind intuitive; sug-

gests larger and nobler views; discloses the relations of truths, unites and harmonizes them. It is not an art—like others—for art's sake, but in its power reveals and discloses the realities of life—truth, purity, obedience, love and admiration.

Shakespeare, who never misses the heart of anything he touches, says;

> The man that hath no music in himself,
> And is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils;
> The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
> And his affections dark as Erebus.
> Let no such man be trusted.

LILLIAN A. WHITE.

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Hints on Bowing for Students of the Violin.

BY ARTHUR M. ABELL.

PAPER NO. 1.

THE violin student who desires to become a master of his instrument should early be made to realize that there are four important things that go to make up the artist. First, a good, reliable left-hand technic; second, musical intelligence; third, expression or feeling; fourth, a good com nand of the bow, or technic of the right arm.

These four requisites should go hand in hand if a good all-round development is desired; he is not a perfect artist who neglects any one of them.

As a general thing most attention is given to the development of the left hand and least of all to that of the right arm. We find no end of violinists with a good technic, but very, very few with an equally good bowing.

This is not as it should be. *Tone production* is one of the most important things of all in violin playing, and this fact should be impressed upon all students from the very start. TONE! First quality, then volume. I do not mean that one should be able to produce a good tone in slow movements merely, but in all kinds of passages, the most complicated as well as the simplest. To do this a good command of the bow is absolutely necessary, for tone production on the violin depends—a true intonation is, of course, necessary first of all—entirely on the management of the bow.

While listening to a great violinist the general public does not realize in the remotest degree the important part that the right arm plays. To the average listener it appears as if the left hand did all the work, and the right arm had merely to keep going up and down, sometimes fast, sometimes slow, as if sawing wood. The difficult and complicated wrist work, and the long years of hard practice necessary to master it, are not considered for a moment. In fact, not more than ten among every 100 students of the violin realize what it means to fully develop the resources of the bow. My experience in teaching during the past year has convinced me that the Americans who come to Germany to study the violin know, with few exceptions, practically nothing about bowing.

This fact, together with numerous letters of inquiry on the subject from different parts of the United States, suggested to me the thought of writing a series of articles on bowing for the benefit of American students who are unable to get good instructors in this branch at home, and who cannot afford to come abroad to study. Of course, it is impossible in an article of this kind to do more than give a mere outline, a skeleton of the subject.

Readers who are in doubt on any points pertaining to it are always at liberty to write me and ask questions. I have answered many such in the past and shall be pleased to do so in the future, as one of the main objects of my special line of writing for THE MUSICAL COURIER is to be helpful to students. My permanent address is Berlin, W., Steglitzer St., 30-31. These hints are not for absolute beginners. It is taken for granted that the pupil has some technic; that he or she has played at least as far as Kreutzer's studies.

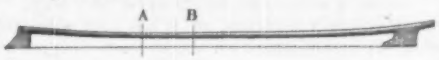
The first thing to be mastered is the sideways movement of the wrist. This is the cornerstone, the foundation, on which the entire bow technic is built up. While practicing this always bear in mind the following rule: *Keep the wrist high and the elbow low.* The position of the arm must not be cramped and forced, but the wrist should be held somewhat higher than the elbow, except when playing at the point of the bow on the E string; but even then it should not be allowed to sink in lower than the knuckles, as this would interfere with the free sideways movement. On the other hand, the wrist must not be held too high, as this, too, would hinder the movement. There must be an easy freedom to the position, the wrist being nearly on a level with, or slightly higher than, the knuckles—by knuckles I mean that row where the fingers join the hand proper—and the hand must move from side to side as if the wrist were a well-oiled hinge.

This sideways movement should be practiced at first without the bow, very slowly, as far to each side as possible, giving at least a second's time to each movement; *i. e.*, the movement itself is quick, but a slight pause should be given after each. Do this twenty times, or if the wrist is weak and tires easily, ten times, putting all the force into it possible. The forearm and elbow must be held perfectly still.

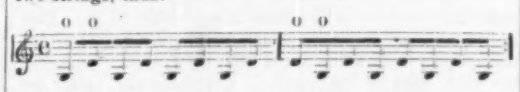
Rest and then repeat the exercise somewhat faster. Rest again and then repeat faster yet, and continue to do so until you can make four movements to the second instead of one. Never sacrifice thoroughness to speed, however. The hand must be moved to the right and left to the utmost extent each time, and all up and down movements must be strictly avoided. The number of times this exercise should be repeated daily depends entirely on the pupil's powers of endurance. No rule can be given on this point any more than a rule can be laid down on the subject of practice in general. To be sure, we often hear the remark: "You should never practice more than four hours a day; more than that does you no good."

I have heard this many times from pedagogues and musicians of more or less importance, but never from the lips of a great artist. It is a question of constitution. One finds four hours a day the limit, while another practices with ease from six to eight. All I can say in regard to the wrist movement is to practice as much as you can without overdoing. The moment the wrist becomes tired stop at once and rest, otherwise you may lame it and be unable to practice at all for weeks.

As soon as this free gymnastic exercise has been mastered, take the bow, place it first on the A string, slightly above the middle, using only as much of it as is necessary for the sideways movement of the hand alone—the arm is held still, as in the exercise without the bow—with no pressure of the fingers at all, as we are for the present not trying to produce tone but to acquire the technic with which to produce it.



Draw the bow parallel with the bridge, half way between it and the fingerboard. However easy the wrist movement may be found without the bow, it will be found difficult enough at first with it. It will be a help to hold the forearm firmly with the left hand—which can be done by hugging the violin tightly with the chin, or by using Becker's chin and shoulder rest—as the forearm will persist in turning with the wrist at first. This is simply because the muscles at the wrist are not under control never having been exercised. By persistent effort the pupil will gradually acquire control and be able to do the movement properly without holding the arm. Then it should be practiced on the other strings until it can be done on one as well as another. The next step is to practice it over two strings, thus:

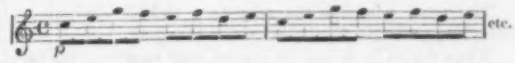


In like manner on the D and A and A and E.

In practicing it over two strings in this way there is an up and down as well as sideways movement. When this can be done with ease the strokes should gradually become longer and be played nearer the point.

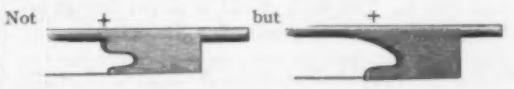


The forearm must now move also, on account of the longer strokes, but the sideways wrist movement must be independent of the forearm movement. The upper part of the arm remains still or as nearly so as the changing of strings permits. This bowing is called *détaché*, and is the most common and necessary of all kinds of bowing. As soon as it can be executed well on the open strings it should be practiced on the Kreutzer study No. 2.



Practice it slowly at first, taking great care to make the wrist movement very broad, and to keep the elbow low and still. The arm is now working on two hinges, the wrist and the elbow. No pressure is given to the bow as yet. This should be practiced an hour a day at least for some weeks. When the movement is free and easy and goes of itself some attention may be given to tone. In connection with this let us consider the manner of holding the bow, as, unless held properly, a free development of the wrist movements, in all of its complications, is impossible.

The stick rests half way between the first and second joints of the first finger, and almost, but not quite, in the first joint of the second finger. The thumb is directly opposite the second finger, with the end resting firmly in the frog. To make the position of the thumb surer and easier, the sharp piece of the frog where the thumb rests should be shaved off so that it slants.
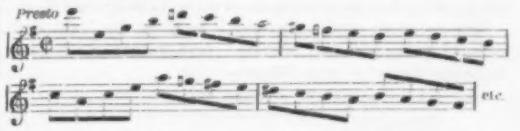


The thumb joint must be kept bent outward somewhat. The habit that many have of holding the thumb straight with the end projecting beyond the stick is a very bad one; with such a position many wrist movements are quite impossible. The pressure of the bow on the strings is produced with the thumb and first and second fingers. The third finger rests lightly on the stick. The fourth touches it only with the finger tip, and is used principally to balance the bow when playing near the frog.

The pupil may now begin to practice *détaché* with a view to producing tone. Bear on lightly at first. Play the Kreutzer study mezzo forte, slowly in eighth notes, at least four times through. Then gradually increase the pressure of bow until a good, clear, strong tone can be produced. Be careful, in changing strokes, to avoid that disagreeable rasping noise that the hairs of the bow sometimes produce on the strings.

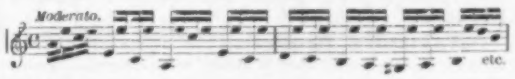
Take great care of the intonation. This must be perfect, if a really beautiful tone is to be produced. The tempo of the Kreutzer study may now gradually be quickened until it can be played allegro in sixteenth notes. The stroke becomes shorter as the tempo increases. When played very fast, the forearm scarcely moves at all, except in changing strings. It is essentially a wrist movement. The tones must be liquid, flowing one into the other, with no pause whatever at the change of the stroke. *Détaché* played in this way will be effective, and will carry, and tell distinctly, to the farthest ends of a large hall. It should also be practiced on the Kreutzer study No. 8 in E major, No. 4 in E flat, and on the Fiorillo study No. 36 in C major.

Advanced students can practice it on passages from concertos. It occurs repeatedly in almost every concerto for violin.

The following passage from the Mendelssohn concerto is excellent practice:



Also the following passages from the Viotti twenty second concerto.



This passage in triplets is especially good because the accent comes on the up as well as on the down stroke.

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In general the down stroke should not be heavier than the up. The pupil should try to attain perfect evenness.



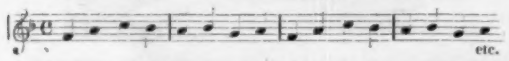
The pupil who has the necessary technic may go on selecting passages from concertos ad libitum.

When the *détaché* can be played with supple wrist, fast and slow, forte, mezzo forte and piano, over two, three and four strings, in all kinds of complications, beginning with the up as well as the down bow, and all with good results—*i. e.*, good pure tone, clearness and evenness—when all this has been accomplished, then the pupil may be said to have laid the foundation stone to a good bowing, and is ready to go on.

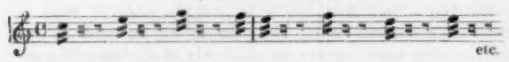
The second thing to acquire is the use of the bow as a whole. Practice the second Kreutzer study in quarter notes, using every inch of the bow, first forte, then piano.



The change of strokes at the frog and point must be done with supple wrist and with no pause whatever, just as in *détaché*. This study should be played through several times daily in C and also in F, a fifth lower.



Bowing No. 3 is a very important and a very difficult one. This is also practiced on the Kreutzer study in C and in F. Every inch of the bow is used. The stroke is a lightning-like one, executed with all the strength that can be commanded. The quicker and the more powerful the stroke the better. After each stroke, at the point and at the frog, a pause must be made considerably longer than the time required for the stroke itself.



This is very difficult and requires much practice. Young students may find it tedious work, but I assure them that it will bear fruit one hundred fold later on. It gives the grand mastery over the bow in its whole length, and helps not a little toward making the wrist supple and strong. The whole study should be played through daily in this way in C and in F for months. Do not hurry the pauses in the false belief that they are superfluous.

Before closing Paper No. 1 I will say a few words concerning methods on bowing. Compared with the number of technical studies that have been written, there is an astounding dearth of material for developing the resources of the bow. Yet there are books on the subject. Of these the best is Emil Kross' Kunst der Bogenführung, published by C. F. Schmidt, Heilbronn a. N. (New York: Carl Fischer.)

This is a most excellent work, and when used by pupils under the guidance of experienced teachers may lead to good results. Yet the work has two decided drawbacks. First, there is such an abundance of material given that the effect on the pupil is apt to be confusing and perplexing. Second, much too little is said on the subject of practice; the pupil is not told of many of the difficulties that lie in the way when beginning a new kind of bowing, nor in what way he must work in order to overcome them.

For instance, almost nothing is said on the method of practicing the *détaché* bowing. And yet that sideways wrist movement is very difficult.

(To be continued.)

Eduard Strauss.—The Vienna Orchestra under Eduard Strauss has begun its annual tour through Germany, and has given concerts in Silesia, Saxony and the Rheinland.

Paravicini's Bequest.—The composer Raffaele Paravicini, lately deceased at Milan, left an annual income of 10,000 frs., to be employed annually in producing at La Scala, or some other leading theatre in Italy, a new opera by a pupil of an Italian conservatory.

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M. LÉON JANCEY.

M. LEON JANCEY leaves Paris on September 5, reaching New York about the 14th. He will give daily lessons in his specialties (see page 3) to a limited number of pupils *for one month*.

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The imperative demand of a large number of former pupils resident in the States induces this short visit this year, when plans will be made for regular annual visits of three months each. M. Jancey's New York address will appear later in this paper.

"Dolce Far Niente."

HERE I am in Newport, the prince of watering places, doing absolutely nothing but enjoying myself, and I wish everybody else was having as good a time.

There is nothing like staying in New York till August 13, with the thermometer up to the nineties for several weeks on a stretch, to make one appreciate the delights of this paradise on earth, where one gazes from the blue sky to the blue sea, and from the blue sea to the green and flower spangled lawns which surround the villas of the rich. One sits on piazzas enwreathed with honeysuckle vines, covered with sweet smelling bloom, lazily rocking to and fro in comfortable straw chairs, and following the flight of butterflies from flower to flower. Under such conditions life seems ineffably dear and worth having. "*Gott sei dank!*" the mechanical pianos are a thing of the past, and one can once more know the blessing of silence here.

I must confess these street instruments, with their loud and glaring tone and their vulgar and monotonous melodies, have almost driven me mad this summer, and have been even worse to bear than the heat. They are reaching such a point in numbers in New York that mental effort of any kind is almost an impossibility there. Hardly can one settle down to work for an hour that one is not startled by hearing a mechanical piano under the window, and one must drop everything to listen for a half hour to McGinty and other tunes of that calibre.

Winter before last I calculated that I gave an hour and a half to that classic melody almost every day. It was really too much. Four or five mechanical pianos in the course of ten hours would play it for twenty minutes each in front of the house where I live, and I used to wish that the composer of McGinty was at the bottom of his own well! Indeed, it were better had he never been born.

As for Mascagni's celebrated air, it has been relentlessly turned by the cranks until I am almost ready to agree with Mr. Finck in his opinion of the composer of it, and if I were Sousa I should never have permitted my beautiful and spirited march to have the life taken out of it by the endless repetition of these street instruments.

There was an editorial in the New York *Sun* the other day in which a protest was made against this "being *forced* to listen to music all the time, whether you wanted it or not," with which I was in hearty sympathy. The writer of it said he "wished he could take his meals in quiet and not find musicians in every restaurant, as well as on the streets." Certainly, a man banging away at the piano with the loud pedal down all the time, a third-class violinist and wheezy 'cellist aiding and abetting him in deafening one, with music made up of ill arranged potpourris, is not a pleasure devoutly to be desired.

Why should the streets be given up to bad music any more than they are to any other disagreeable noise? This horrid nuisance was stopped once by an ordinance, until the newspapers made a fuss about what they called "depriving the poor man of his music." Unfortunately, under the present *régime* it is not the *poor* man who is deprived, but the *richer* man who is inflicted upon; for the mechanical pianos are not to be found so much in the poorer quarters of the city as in the richer ones, where dimes and nickels may be forthcoming. Between Fifth and Sixth avenues is their favorite haunt, and especially around hotels and restaurants, where the poor man does not generally happen to be.

We are rapidly getting to the condition of London, where, it is said, one can never get out of the sound of the hand organ. Of late they have been making an effort over there to suppress hand organs and mechanical pianos, and as we are famous for imitating our English cousins in other things, I hope we shall copy them in this one.

To visit New York in summer one would think it the home of bad music. An occasional hand organ playing for ten minutes used to be rather a pleasant thing; but when one is daily besieged by four or five mechanical pianos, which are much louder in tone and which play until they force one to pay them to leave, it becomes a serious matter. We don't mind "one black cat" on our doorsteps, but when it becomes a "million black cats," as the boy said, may heaven defend us! AMY FAY.

A New Tenor.—Cosima Wagner has discovered a tenor in Carl Kienlechner, of Bozen.

Riemann.—Dr. Hugo Riemann, the author of that most valuable book of reference, the Musik Lexicon, and well known for his musical acquirements, has opened a school of theory at Leipsic.

Weingartner.—Felix Weingartner's latest symphonic poem, King Lear, will be performed for the first time on October 20 at Cologne. Performances will follow at Bremen and Mannheim.

Wagner in Berlin.—All of Wagner's works except three have been given in Berlin. The exceptions are Parsifal, reserved for Bayreuth; Die Feen, given only at Munich and Prague, and Das Liebesverbot which has been performed only at Magdeburg, in 1836, when Wagner himself conducted.

Meinhardus.—The well-known composer and critic Ludwig Meinhardus died July 12 at Bielefeld, aged sixty-nine. Of his compositions, his oratorios, Simon Petrus, Gideon, Luther at Worms, and his symphonies were most successful. Of his books the best known is Mozart, Ein Künstlerleben, and his German Music in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries.

Mantua.—Ricordi obtained last February a search warrant for the houses of two musicians, Giuseppe Pomé and Cesare Malotti, with a view of seizing any copies of Puccini's Manon that might be found in their possession. As nothing but a few notes intended for study were discovered the court a few days ago ordered the restoration of the music.

Author and Composer.—The son and heir of the late Eduard Toth has brought suit against Eugen Hubay for infringement of author's rights. The plaintiff states that Hubay in his opera, Falu roscza, not merely borrowed from Toth's drama, but used the same scenes, the same songs and the whole action, and demands one-half of the honorarium (2,800 florins) received by the composer. The case is still in court.

A Musical Journal.—The third number of *Le Journal Musical* fulfils the expectations based on its first number, and carries out its promise of being a critical international bulletin of musical bibliography. This number contains interesting articles on M. Expert's work on the Musicians of the French Renaissance, French Chansons of the Middle Ages, &c., in addition to the musical bibliography of the month. The editor requests authors, composers and publishers to forward to the office of the journal, 11 Rue St. Joseph, Paris, their publications for insertion in its catalogue. Such insertion is perfectly gratuitous and impartial, without any trace of advertisement, and is made solely in the interests of the international necessity for a musical bibliography.

Siegfried Wagner.—Young Siegfried Wagner had better have left unwritten his letter to the *Redende Künste*, in which he describes conductors as mere executive persons who have to follow the orders of the direction in chief. An authority on Wagner, after mentioning Siegfried's appearances in sundry concerts, goes on to say that with his low views of the duties of a conductor he ought at least to fulfill the normal demands of the place. "If he really wishes to follow the orders of his father he ought to consult the latter's theoretical works, Ueber das Dirigiren and Virtuos und Künstler. I, as a loyal Wagnerian, cannot get rid of the idea that Wagner, Jr., pays too little attention to the orders of his father; otherwise he would not seek his laurels in virtuoso concert conducting in *tempo rubato*, but conceive the functions of a conductor to be a congenial sympathy and a careful and pious elaboration of the intentions of the creative artist."



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N. B.—Reports have been circulated to the effect that Prof. Scharwenka does not reside permanently in New York. We wish to contradict this statement most emphatically, and to add that he has been and will continue to devote his time and attention to the the interests of the Conservatory.

The Virgil Recitals.

IN spite of the severe heat the pretty recital hall of the Virgil school was filled to its utmost capacity on Tuesday and Thursday evenings of last week, when the third and fourth recitals of the summer course took place.

The following was Tuesday's program:

Concert Sonate.....Scarlatti
Schmetterlinger ....
Lonely Wanderer... } .....Grieg
Little Birds.....
Preambule.....Bach

Miss Florence Traub.

Exultation.....Scarfe

Mr. J. S. Gregg.

Technical work from the Virgil method.
Major, melodic and harmonic minor scales, key of C.
Rate of velocity, 800 notes per minute.
Common, dominant and diminished arpeggios. Rate of velocity, 800 notes per minute.

* Valse, op. 64, No. 1.....Chopin

* It is a question in the minds of many whether it is possible or expedient to learn musical compositions without constantly hearing the tones while practicing. "Will it not ruin the touch and destroy the musical sense?" is the query. Miss Florence had learned the above number at the clavier, had never played it on the piano, and had never heard anyone else play it. She played it on the clavier before the audience, and at once repeated it on the piano, to prove with what accuracy and musical effectiveness children even can play pieces on the piano for the first time that have been learned on the clavier.

Romance.....Schumann
Staccato Caprice.....Vogrich

Miss Florence Traub.

Venetian Song.....Bemberg

Mr. J. S. Gregg.

Impromptu.....Schubert
Florence (Valse de Concert).....Liebling

Miss Florence Traub.

Miss Florence Traub is a grave faced little maiden with gentle attractive manners. By her public playing during the past two years she has made hosts of admirers, even among those opposed to the Virgil method. On this occasion she again succeeded in captivating her hearers, the majority of whom were complete strangers.

Clarity of tone, absolute grace and accuracy of movement, and a dainty elasticity of execution characterize Miss Traub's style. It is too early to speak of musical conception in connection with her playing; but her sense of tone values is already well developed and the varying expression of her touch most lovely. Changeful as the transient moods of a gifted child nature, they instinctively recall the old-fashioned lines:

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dewdrop on the rose;
When next the passing breeze comes by
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

"She plays marvelously already, and has the temperament of an artist," was said after Tuesday's recital. Will Miss Traub fulfill the promise of the words?

The vocal selections were much enjoyed. Mr. Gregg has a voice of little power, but considerable sweetness. Were he to sing with more real and less mock sentiment, his work would be appreciably better.

Miss Stella Newmark played the fourth recital, and Mrs. Virgil, as she herself modestly phrased it, "filled in the intervals by a brief talk on teaching."

The program of pleasing variety was well calculated to show the really remarkable versatility of Miss Newmark's talent. A Bach prelude and fugue served to display her intelligent comprehension of musical form; Chopin's Berceuse, and the loveliest of Liszt's transcriptions, Hark, Hark, the Lark, revealed her emotional qualities, while the other numbers gave ample proof of her velocity, dash and endurance.

Technic with Miss Newmark, as it is with many others of like talent, was formerly the outcome of sheer musical force. It was unreliable and tense as a result, and the musical thought having to create its own means of expression was proportionately weakened. Now, under her present course of study, Miss Newmark is rapidly acquiring a mechanical equipment giving certainty and ease of execution and insuring stronger, fuller expression.

Miss Newmark's interpretation is as yet the production of careful artistic direction and painstaking study. At the same time there are certain spontaneous, characteristic touches in her rendition of different composers that augur well for future interpretative ability.

It is to be regretted that Miss Newmark's playing sometimes betrays what, in an older performer, would be termed egotism. If not eradicated, this will surely mar the beauty of the art time cannot but bring.

Mrs. Virgil's talk was full of helpful suggestion, and was heard with close attention.

The program:

Prelude and fugue, No. 24, Book II.....Bach
Berceuse.....Chopin
Caprice, op. 16.....Mendelssohn

Miss Stella Newmark.

Five Minutes' Practical Talk About Methods of Teaching.
Mrs. A. K. Virgil.

Etude.....Lambert
En Courant.....Godard
The Brooklet.....Heller

Miss Stella Newmark.

Part II.

Scales—
The major, harmonic minor and melodic minor scales of F sharp, in thirds, sixths, tenths and octaves, at the rate of 640 notes per minute. Common, dominant and diminished arpeggios. Rate of velocity, 576 notes per minute. Hands together.

Mazurka.....Liebling
Polonaise.....Moszkowski

Miss Stella Newmark.

Five Minutes' Practical Talk About Methods of Teaching.
Mrs. A. K. Virgil.

Hark! Hark, the Lark.....Schubert-Liszt
Valse de Concert.....Wieniawski

Miss Stella Newmark.

Boston Music Notes.

AUGUST 15, 1896.

Mr. Charles A. Ellis arrived from Europe on Friday last on the Augusta Victoria, it being the quickest passage ever made by that boat. Mr. Frederic R. Comee went over to New York to meet him.

Mr. Ellis had the management of Melba during her operatic engagements in Paris and London, the season closing the last week in July, Melba having sung since the last week in September of last year, over ten months. Mr. Ellis says that her season in London was a most tremendous success in every way. She has now gone to a country house on the Thames with her brother and sister and her friends Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon Mason. Here she will rest until the middle of September, when she will have to begin studying new rôles for next season.

Mme. Melba will arrive in New York about November 1, and will not go on a concert tour, as the operatic season will occupy all her time.

Mme. E. M. de Angelis, who has been spending the summer at Saratoga, was in town for a few days last week en route to the seashore. Next season promises to be, as usual, a busy one for her.

Mr. Norman McLeod has returned from Sorrento, Me., and will pass the remainder of the summer at Powder Point Hall, Duxbury.

Miss Harriet A. Shaw, assisted by Miss Geraldine Morgan, Miss Edith A. Perkins and Mr. Oskar Krutzsch, gave a concert at the residence of Mrs. George Montague Wheeler, Avamaya, Bar Harbor, this morning at 11 o'clock.

The Cecilia proposes giving at its first concert Tinel's St. Francis d'Assisi, and for its second orchestral concert some very interesting novelties.

The twentieth annual music festival of the Sullivan Musical Association will take place in the Opera House, Newport, N. H., beginning August 17. The soloists are Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, Miss Gertrude Edmands, Mr. J. C. Bartlett and Mr. L. C. Buffum. The Germania Orchestra will assist, and Mr. Carl Zerrahn is to be conductor. Among the choral works to be performed are Haydn's The Creation, Stainer's Daughter of Jarius and Anderton's Wreck of the Hesperus.

Miss Margaret Eliot, Mr. Walter Damrosch and Mr. Max Heinrichs are among the artists who have been secured for the concert at Bar Harbor to be given on August 21, and it will be one of the smartest social as well as musical events of the month. Mrs. Montgomery Sears is one of the prime movers in it, with Mrs. Damrosch.

Mr. Carl Zerrahn has returned from his European trip in excellent health. He is passing Sunday at his home in Milton, leaving on Monday for Newport, N. H., where he is engaged as usual to conduct the annual musical festival. Upon his return the rehearsals for the Worcester Festival under his direction will begin.

Mr. Frederick Smith, the tenor, who made such a successful entrance on the concert stage last season, will return to Boston in September. Mr. Smith is engaged to sing in Halifax, N. S., the last of August.

MR. EBEN A. KELLY.

Mr. Eben A. Kelly, who died in Providence, R. I., on Sunday, August 9, occupied a high position in musical circles of that city. In early life he displayed a strong aptitude for music, and the story of his career would be but the recount of a consistent application to his chosen vocation. Perhaps the most striking feature in Mr. Kelly's life was the fact that in his sixty-fourth year he celebrated the fortieth year of his service as organist of the First Congregational Church of Providence. The celebration of that event was noticed last Easter by appreciative friends in the presentation of a valuable loving cup. In connection with this notable term as organist Mr. Kelly was a successful teacher of the piano for many years.

Endowed with a musical temperament and aptitude, before reaching the age of twenty he sought the Mecca of musicians, the Leipsic Conservatory, and there studied under Riedel, Von Dommer and Schellenburg. After three years spent in Germany he returned to assume the position of organist in the church of which he became a member and where, after the lapse of two-fifths of a century, continued the active and honored organist and musical director.

Mr. Kelly leaves a widow and two daughters, one being Mrs. Minerva B. Tobey, of Boston.

LEON KEACH.

Mr. Leon Keach, widely known in musical circles as a piano accompanist, died at his home, No. 1 Rockville Park, Roxbury, August 15. He had been ill for two months, and confined to the house about ten days. He was born in Roxbury and was the only child of the late Leon Keach, for many years connected with the Boston Museum. Mr. Keach leaves a mother, a widow and one child.

Farmer Tamagno.—Sig. Tamagno, the tenor, it is said, will leave the stage and become a farmer at the close of the next operatic season.

Cipollini.—The composer of Il piccolo Haydn, Gaetano Cipollini, has finished a one act piece, L'amata del Re, which will be produced at La Scala, Milan, in this month.

Stolzenberg.—The well-known singing teacher, Professor Stolzenberg, late of the Cologne Conservatory, has opened a singing school at Berlin. Many of his Cologne pupils will follow him to his new sphere of action.

Richard Strauss.—The score of R. Strauss' last symphonic poem, So Spake Zarathustra, is completed, and the work will be produced for the first time at the Frankfort Museum November 27. The second performance will take place at the Gurzenich hall, Cologne, December 1. A volume of new songs by him has just been published at Munich. He will in December give concerts at Liege and Brussels devoted exclusively to his own compositions.

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PIANO SOLO.

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Bernhardt and Calve Reply.

AS a species of hot weather recreation *Le Figaro* has addressed a series of questions to a number of lyric and dramatic artists, says the *Home Journal*, and begins the publication of its list of answers with the replies sent by Bernhardt and Calvé, all of which are reproduced below.

QUESTIONS.

1. Where do you pass your vacations?
2. What is the reason of your preference?
3. Where do you live—in a hotel or a villa?
4. What do you do there?
5. What are your exercises?
6. Your amusements?
7. Your régime?
8. Do you dress?
9. Do you avoid people or seek them?
10. Do you flirt there?
11. Do you think of the theatre?
12. Does absence from the stage give you a feeling of ennui?
13. Do you like to play in salons and at watering places?
14. Do you see comrades?
15. Do you read?
16. What?
17. Have you summed up your last winter? Do you find it good, better or worse?
18. In which of the rôles that you played last winter did you find the most pleasure?
19. In which of all the rôles that you have played?
20. Do you know what you will play next season?
21. What sort of rôles do you prefer? That is, what qualities and what failings do you prefer to incarnate?
22. Who is your favorite dramatic author?

ANSWERS OF SARAH BERNHARDT.

1. At the seashore.
2. I like above everything the sea and the plains; the sea is a moving plain; the vegetation is below instead of above.
3. In a little fort.
4. I kill myself with fatigue in order to rest.
5. Hunting, fishing, canoeing, cycling.
6. The same.
7. To amuse myself.
8. Oh, no!
9. I avoid the importunate, and seek my friends.
10. Flirting is the amusement of those who are afflicted with ennui.
11. As little as possible,
12. I do not know what it is to feel ennui.
13. I do not like to play in salons. To play at watering places amuses me.
14. My comrades do not like the sea.
15. I read.
16. Good book.
17. I never think of what I have done. Yesterday is no more; to-morrow is not yet; I live in the present hour.
18. That which in my opinion I play best.
19. The same.
20. I shall interpret fine works.
21. I have no preference. The personage that presents itself to me in the form of a rôle pleases me forthwith. I show myself the door, and become the other. I believe that to this I owe my eternal gaiety. I leave myself so often, and have so much joy in finding myself again.
22. The good God.

ANSWERS OF EMMA CALVÉ.

1. In my country of Aveyron—that is, in the mountains.
2. It is my little fatherland.
3. On my farm.
4. I idle as much as possible.
5. Promenading (in a carriage).
6. I play at farming.
7. Vegetarianism (when I have the courage).
8. My animals would be too much astonished.
9. I carefully avoid them.
10. With my hens and ducks.
11. I try to forget it.
12. Never.
13. I detest watering places, and to sing in a salon is torture to me.
14. Sometimes.
15. I read much.
16. Almost everything.
17. Good.
18. *Navarraise.*
19. *Carmen.*
20. I shall play in America *Salomé* in Hérodiade, *Ophelia*, *Marguerite*, *Sélika*, *Suzanne* in the Marriage of Figaro, Navarrise, Cavalleria and, of course, *Carmen.*
21. Those which offer the greatest contrasts,
22. Molière.

[The two replies exhibit a great contrast in method of thought, if not in intellectuality. There is not a touch of philosophy in Calvé, while Bernhardt's optimism offers an explanation for her perennial exuberance and the strength of her spiritual as well as animal nature. Calvé appears as a child of nature; the other represents the essence of culture. See the two replies to question 17. The one is naïve; the other the result of mental ductility. Of the two women, judging from the respective answers, there can be but little hesitation as to who is the greater.—EDITORS THE MUSICAL COURIER.]

The Midas of Pianists.

FROM the right-hand side of the California Theatre on Monday evening one caught only occasional glimpses of the man who is to-day the great musical phenomenon of the world, as Paganini was and Liszt has been.

In the moments when he stood upright and gave his coldly polite bows to the spectators, the haggard beauty of his countenance, its mysterious melancholy unbrightened by a smile, was set in the disdainful and impenetrable passivity of the artist who neither knows nor cares about his audience. At the piano the first commanding chord was followed by the warning side glances, sent here and there from the eyes that imperiously ordered silence and then turned indifferently away. As he played the nimbus of reddish hair was at first all that showed above the rack. Now and then a hand was raised, poised for a moment like a hawk before the downward swoop, and then pounced upon the keys, striking from them fierce and clamorous sounds, arresting as the note of trumpets, poignant as the cries of an animal in pain.

Presently, however, the face was lifted, and one saw it under the influence of art—neither disdainful nor impassive. It is one of the memorable faces of this epoch—poetic, worn, with the spiritual beauty that Burne-Jones accentuated in his portrait into a sternly angelic semblance. The eyes are full of an inexpressible, suffused pain, like the eyes of a brooding eagle. The eyebrows are low and shadow the eyes, and, as they look out over the waves of expanding harmonies, they seem to have looked into the heart of all the world's sorrows, and felt, and realized, and understood them and not been afraid. In their musing mystery lie the shadow of the loneliness of genius and a deep comprehension of the tragedy of life. They are eyes that have looked upon and lost joy, and the rest is mere living. Their owner has tasted the fullness of life, held in his hand the cup "with beaded bubbles winking at the brim," and seen it dashed broken to the ground.

At nineteen Paderewski had gone down into the dark places of sorrow and death. His wife had died, leaving him a son, and had died in a poverty that the genius of to-day, the touch of whose fingers turns all to gold, as King Midas' did, had no power to alleviate. The irony of such a caprice of Fate leaves its mark forever. This early acquaintance with the deepest tragedy of existence, the subsequent meteoric rise into higher and higher glory by the sole power of an imperial genius, the king-like preeminence and solitary might that mark all those Nature designs to be the stars of an epoch, the gulf between the life, and fate, and being of this man and the outside world of men—the ants who strive and struggle, and hurry, and the eagle who beats with lonely pinions "the deep, unfathomable blue"—have given the Polish artist the same melancholy alienation from the world and its ways that marked Paganini.

It is, perhaps, this blasting and precocious experience of sorrow that gave to Paderewski's genius its peculiar expression. Life blighted, but did not crush him. He sees into it ruthlessly and feels with it passionately, and the cry of his spirit issues forth in wild and poignant realization and acquiescence. He has the tenderness of a great spirit that sees far beyond the moment, but not a touch of the sentimentality that so often finds expression in the plaintive sweetness of music. Strength to resist, courage to endure, are his. The battle cry of those who face Fate bravely, if sometimes hopelessly, are characteristics of his style.

He is martial, uplifting, inspiring. The voice of his muse thrills like the voice of the trumpet when the battalions charge with shout and thunder to the front. The quality to exhilarate, to excite, to enfrenzy, is his to an astounding degree. It is heroic, almost warlike in its sudden assault upon the nerves of his hearers. It is, above all, electric. Just what this word conveys—the tingling, thrilling sense of something that shocks the dormant sensibilities into wild, humming vibrations—is the quality that Paderewski puts forth when he makes the blood of a phlegmatic audience suddenly boil up into vociferous enthusiasm.

With this as the salient quality of his art, it is not surprising that his performance of Chopin—with the exception of the nocturne—were not his finest. He did not play the berceuse as well as De Pachmann. The nocturne contained the essence of all the tears shed since sorrow came into the world in its dreamy and sensuous sadness. But Paderewski's nature is not one to be in close sympathy with Chopin's. The older man's temperament was delicate, poetic, over-tender. The blows of misfortune killed instead of toughening that shrinking and sensitive soul. His genius expressed itself in works of a narrow sweetness, an exquisite, twilight tenderness which showed how innately feminine his nature was. His illustrious successor, with his fiercely dynamic power, his splendid indifference to life and its terrors, finds Chopin's works too confining for his own wild spirit.

It was in the second Liszt rhapsodie that he showed his power. The piano, under his assault, gave forth the tones of an orchestra, and tremendous harmonies, bizarre as the dance of the witches on the Brocken, shook the audience from their languid appreciation like a hand on the backs of their necks. It was a magnificent tour de force—the gauge thrown down to one of the most depressing and unintelligently apathetic audiences ever assembled to hear a great performer. It struck them into life like an electric shock.

The instrument gave forth strange, unearthly sounds. The thunderous opening chords clanged like the iron grating of huge, reluctant gates grinding on their hinges. A more singular sound, startling, vibrantly metallic, titanic in angry volume, never issued from a piano. Its thunders crashed away, shot through with gleams of light little tingling shivers of notes that skimmed across it like the gleam of small silvery fish as they twinkle by in the murk of streams. Then, hurrying up in accumulating undulations, crowding closer and closer, came floods of crystalline notes, runs and ripples of them trickling through like water over stones, or sunshine through leaves, or bird notes in the silence of a breathless noon—anything that is clear and quick and melodious and rapid. Storms of sound swept up again and obliterated them; tempests crashed over them. Now and then they flashed out for a moment, sparkling tricksily and tremulously like water reflections in the sun or small flames; but the martial march of the bass chords came up and up, clashing

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and clanging their victory, sweeping the piano with their barbaric clamor, till the audience for a moment forgot their manners and applauded like live men and women who have heard a great and wonderful thing.

The recital of Wednesday afternoon strengthened the impressions of Monday night. But new impressions were added to these. The first astonishment had passed, leaving room for calmer observations. The curiosity to see and hear what now we so seldom see in California, a world wonder, had been satisfied. The mind was clear of all this litter of commonplace sensation; there was time and space for still, unhampered enjoyment.

It is upon this second hearing that the extraordinary magnetism of the master begins to be felt. Back of Paderewski's genius there is a personality as forceful as genius itself. It has been nearly as potent a factor in his march to fame as his mastery of the piano. Genius, the crude, raw thing, does not conquer the world alone. The ways to glory are strewn with the wrecks of mute, inglorious Miltons who lacked that power to conquer, that magnetic dominance of men, which is like the rod of the magician in the hands of the Polish pianist. He is king, not alone by virtue of an unapproachable gift, but by virtue of an astounding force of mastery and attraction.

We call this gift fascination here and magnetism there. We wonder why this man succeeds and that woman attracts, as the Israelites of old must nave wondered at the shepherd boy becoming their king, and as Europe wondered at the Corsican whose foot was on its neck. In the man now before us we see its apotheosis, its possession in the highest, most complete, most overwhelming form. The cast of his countenance, with its inwardly brooding, lion-like suggestion—a suggestion that does not lie in his tawny mane alone—shows the possession of a lion-like temperament, the possession of the power of conquest.

It was noticeable on Wednesday afternoon that there were many children in the audience. It is presumable that most of these were well trained and knew they must keep silence. But a child is much the same everywhere, and when it gets tired all the training in the world will not it keep still. Yet there was not a murmur, not a rustle, from any of the children. Did they understand and enjoy a long and more or less classical program? Or did the wizard at the piano exert over them that mysterious spell, quell them with his dominating influence into mute immobility?

The performance on Wednesday was even more varied than on Monday night. There were the selections for the Barbarians and the selections for the Elect. Schumann's Papillons showed the master's talents in great style. The composition, with its capricious brilliancy, has the defect of being uninteresting. There are fine pieces of music, as there are fine books and fine people, that are uninteresting. Papillons is the only selection Paderewski has played which comes under this head. In the polonaise of Chopin—The Revolt—he again showed that extraordinary quality of suddenly striking out sparks of excitement that is so much a part of his genius. As the rebellious thunders in the bass augmented into a volume of furiously combative sound the house sat up to a woman—one cannot say to a man, as there was only one man to each row—and drew in its breath with a quick catch. It had the effect of a sudden, startling vision of some phenomenon of nature—a cloud-burst, a cyclone in the distance crashing through falling forests, lightning in the night, spurting every which way through clouds.

The great Beethoven sonata, the Appassionata, was, however, the masterpiece of the program. It is impossible to express the ineffable majesty, the piercing pathos of this tremendous achievement of two masters. And what a matchless flowering of art! The great music of the greatest composer rendered by the greatest performer. These are the supreme expressions of the musical life, the peerless moments, the perfect pearls. They are too difficult to write of from the side of sensation, and they are cold written of from the side of the analysis of technic. Best let them rest unrecorded, merely leaving the mind to make its silent register, "Here was a great experience—a white day!"—*Geraldine Bonner, in San Francisco Argonaut.*

Some Conservatoire Programs—Competition.

WOMEN—VOCAL.

AIRS from Le Pré aux Clercs, Freischütz, Obéron, Pardon de Ploërmel, Les Troyens, La Prise de Troie, Fidélio, La Reine de Chypre, Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Été, Les Noces de Jeannette, Les Noces de Figaro (la Comtesse), Philémon et Baucis.

MEN—VOCAL.

Airs from La Reine de Saba, Pardon de Ploërmel, Hérodiade, Freischütz, Iphigénie en Tauride, Fernand Cortez, Don Carlos, La Fête d'Alexandre, Guillaume Tell and L'Africaine.

OPÉRA COMIQUE.

Le Barbier de Séville, second act, *Bazile;* Joconde, second act, *Jeannette;* Manon, second act, *Manon;* La Fausse Magie, *Dorimon;* Songe d'une Nuit d'Été, first act, *Falstaff;* Lakmé, first act, *Gérald;* Le Tableau Parlant, *Pierrot* and *Colombine;* Le Val d'Andorre, first act, *Jacques Sincère;* Paul et Virginie, second act, *Virginie;* Manon, third act, second tableau, *Manon, Desgrieux.*

Musical Items.

Niedzielski.—Mr. J. Niedzielski, the violinist, will return to New York from his vacation on September 1.

Pizzarello.—Mr. Joseph Pizzarello, who appeared August 18, 19 and 20 at the Silver Lake Assembly, will return to New York September 15.

Maud Richard.—Miss Maud Richard, a new contralto and pupil of P. D. Aldrich, of Rochester, made a fine début at the Silver Lake Assembly. She will go to Europe in the spring of 1897.

Visanska.—Miss Bertha Visanska, pianist, and Daniel Visanska, violinist, left on the Augusta Victoria, August 13, for Berlin, to complete their musical studies.

Zadora.—Michael Zadora, the thirteen year old son of Louis Zadora, the music teacher, of this city, left per Normannia, August 6, to continue his studies at Berlin. He is recommended by Mr. Rafael Joseffy to Professor Barth, and has testimonials from X. Scharwenka, Slevinski and Paderewski.

Heinrich Meyn.—Mr. Heinrich Meyn and Mr. Nahan Franko gave a very successful recital at the Matthewson House, Narragansett Pier, on August 6. Mr. Meyn sang, August 10, at the Casino there, and on August 13 at Miss Annie Leary's house in New York. He is engaged for four of that lady's receptions in August and September, and other society functions.

Falcke at Vichy.—The celebrated French pianist, Henri Falcke, has recently appeared at Vichy, France, in conjunction with the orchestra under the direction of Mr. Gabriel Marié. After his performance of the Fantasie Hongroise by Liszt he was accorded a veritable ovation, and most cordially received. After the concert M. Falcke left for Mont Dorè, and from there will go to Aeschi, Switzerland, to join his family and Mr. William C. Carl, who are spending some time in that famous resort.

Florence Terrel.—This talented young pianist and pupil of Mr. Alexander Lambert gave a most successful impromptu piano recital at the Hotel Breslin, Lake Hopatcong, on Saturday, August 15. A very distinguished audience was present, among them Mr. Hobart, nominee for Vice-President, and wife; Governor and Mrs. Griggs, with members of his staff; Colonel and Mrs. Toffey, and Lotta Crabtree. All were delighted with Miss Terrel's playing and the program rendered.

Victor Benham.—Mr. A. Victor Benham has been in Nova Scotia for several weeks, during which time he has composed a Stabat Mater to be performed in England next year; a violin concerto, dedicated to César Thomson, and a string quartet. Mr. Benham is at the Catskill Mountain House at present and expects to return to the city early in September.

Gregorowitsch.—A large number of engagements have already been booked for Gregorowitsch, the renowned young Russian violinist. Judging by the tremendous praise unanimously accorded him by the European press this artist will make a great success in this country. Apart from his wonderful technic; he also possesses personal magnetism that always charms. Gregorowitsch will make his American début in an orchestral concert about the third week in November.

Lavin.—In the face of several very flattering offers to remain in Europe the coming season Wm. Lavin, the well-known tenor, has decided to return to his native land, and will be available for concert oratorio and recital work. His business arrangements are in the hands of H. M. Hirschberg's Musical Bureau, who reports several important appearances already booked. Mr. Lavin's successes in Europe during the past two seasons assure him a busy season.

Miss Lillie Bergh at Saratoga.—The large drawing room of the United States Hotel at Saratoga contained a select and discriminating audience last Wednesday that attended an "Hour of Song" given by Miss Lillie Bergh, assisted by her pupils, Miss B. Eloise Oates, Miss Ethel Parrott, soprani; Mrs. Edward Kent, a niece of Commander Chadwick of the United States Navy, mezzo-soprano, and Miss Agnes Athow, contralto. Miss Isabel Munn accompanied the versatile program, which was as follows, with artistic skill:

Frühlingslied, Weil, Miss B. Eloise Oates; Still as the Night, Bohm, Mrs. Edward Kent; Regrets, Delibes, Miss Ethel Parrott; Mia Piccirella, Gomez, Miss B. Eloise Oates; Good-bye Summer, Tosti, Miss Agnes Athow; Mélodie de Concert, Dell' Aqua, Miss Lillie Bergh; Voce di donna, from La Gioconda, Mrs. Edward Kent; Thou Charming Bird, from the Pearl of Brazil, Miss B. Eloise Oates; Wandering Along, Paderewski, Who is Sylvia?, Schubert, Miss Ethel Parrott; Du bist die Ruhe, Schubert, L'été, Chaminade, Miss Lillie Bergh; Duet, from Nozze di Figaro, Mozart, Miss Lillie Bergh and Miss B. Eloise Oates.

The excellent characteristics and tendencies of Miss Bergh's method were apparent with all these pupils, whose tone emissions were excellent, whose tone purity unexcelled, not one of them ever singing off pitch, and whose phrasing showed discerning and intellectual training. Miss Bergh will probably give a recital later in the season at Narragansett Pier.

The £2,000 Stradivarius.—So far the "record" price for a Stradivarius is the high figure, £2,000. That fabulous sum was obtained for an instrument which is even now almost as fresh as when it left the hands of its maker, exactly 180 years ago. It has a wonderful, even a romantic history, this priceless treasure. Stradivarius thought so much of it himself that not only did he refuse to sell it, but he would allow no stranger to touch it, and when he died in 1737, at the ripe old age of ninety-three, he made a special bequest of it to his sons. In 1760 the latter parted with it to the Count de Salabue, who never played it, but kept it spotless, like some rare jewel, till his death, about 1827.

The count's heirs sold it to a certain Luigi Tarisio, an eccentric collector, who, beginning life as a carpenter, was found to have left a fortune of £12,000 when his body was one day discovered among a confused heap of some 250 Cremonas which he had gathered together in the course of a thirty years' search.—*Chambers' Journal.*

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Music correspondents of THE MUSICAL COURIER will please make application for the renewal of their credentials between this date and September 15.

IT is the general impression that Jean de Reszké has been the controlling force at the Metropolitan Opera House, although his influence may be abated now that a new force has entered upon the field in the shape of a stock company as successors of the former firm of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau. History in his case is simply repeating itself, for during the period preceding his reign the tenor Campanini was the dictator, who was preceded as dictator by the tenor Brignoli. The hero worship of foolish women is responsible for this, just as the Paderewski fad was due to the impressionable female.

As an evidence of De Reszké's power an incident that happened in Buffalo when the company gave The Huguenots there may suffice. A musical gentleman and his wife attended the performance and the lady fainted. Her husband, being known as a foremost representative in the local art world, knew that if he could get his wife out of the throng he could quickly restore her and give her the benefit of the opera, and he requested the manager for the privilege of one of the empty boxes, which was granted with pleasure. After the act the manager called and requested the party to leave the box, as De Reszké had so ordered, and the people left the performance, the wife still being ill. It was found subsequently that the diagram, which had to be submitted to De Reszké, indicated that this box had not been sold and he ordered the temporary occupants out of it.

All this does not even intimate, much less indicate, that De Reszké is not an artist; it merely proves that he is a strict business man and that the commercial instinct is not separated from the artistic, as is so frequently intimated by idealists.

WOULD it not be a good scheme for most of the many musical conservatories and music schools to revise and reform their faculty lists before the fall opening? Is it not plainly perceptible to many men and women at the head of these establishments that the stagnation they suffer from is due to the small amount of respect inspired by the commonplace and frequently cheap faculty list associated with these institutions? Among these teachers are men and women who have no standing in their respective communities; and so much has this system of engaging cheap teachers become identified with the bulk of these schools and conservatories that teachers of professional respectability refuse to lend their names to them.

It seems to us that as a commercial speculation it would pay in most instances to engage the services of a higher grade of instructors. The result would be that a better class of citizens would then patronize these "seats of learning." At the Peabody Institute Conservatory of Music the violin teacher is nearly ninety years old and can hardly keep his eyes open, and the result is that the school has hardly any violin pupils. Mr. Courlaender, the piano teacher, is about eighty odd and has requested his own suspension frequently. Of course the Peabody cannot and does not prosper. It is a mere child's play.

There is a so-called conservatory in this Greater-to-be New York where the rule is firmly enforced that no piano teacher is engaged who can play any other but the C major scale, and if he can play it in contrary direction simultaneously with both hands he cannot get a position unless he reduces his price to 25 cents a lesson. In another the director demands a chromatic glissando with the left hand up and down in 4½ seconds, which if successful secures employment at no more than 30 cents a lesson. The director charges the pupil one dollar.

The vocal department needs a more serious overhauling than the instrumental. "Why does the left knee cap vibrate when the tenor sings bass rôles?" was a question recently asked in a New York conservatory of music in the vocal section. The pupil said: "Because it shook the larynx too hard." Somebody should shake the teacher.

There is a great reform necessary in the faculties of our conservatories.

MAPLESON announces that his season of three weeks in New York opens on October 26 at the Academy of Music, and that he will then take his company on the road. He may venture as far as California, provided, of course, his New York notices are encouraging. The Mapleson season will consequently merge into the Metropolitan Opera House season, and he will give a Boston season, which, thus far, is not on the books with Abbey & Grau, who are, however, planning a formidable Chicago season at reduced rates. Damrosch will appear with his troupe at the end of the season of the Abbey & Grau troupe at the Metropolitan, but before that he has a long engagement at Philadelphia under a partial guarantee, and during which he will utilize some Abbey & Grau artists, as the Philadelphia people would not subscribe for a season of German opera only. They wanted a little of Lucia, Traviata, Trovatore and other modern Italian works, and their claim is not without reason. The Philadelphia mental method is not very amenable to Nibelungens, Parsifals, or to Falstaffs, or Mefistofeles. It will require some time yet, in fact it will require considerable time here, too, before the general public will patronize any new work of new tendencies. It 's too bad, but it 's true.

WAGNER AND HEINE.

II.

RESPECTING the Flying Dutchman and Wagner's later poems Heine has said little; in fact, for the most part they were unknown to him. We must regard only as a jest what Heine said to Theodor Hagen in 1844: "Do you know what makes me suspicious of him? He is introduced by Meyerbeer." In antagonism to Meyerbeer Wagner and Heine might have come together, both then and later, but it was not to be, and after Wagner's departure from Paris nothing is known of later relations between them. Yet, so at least I believe, not only negative hate but positive love must have drawn their spirits together had a better understanding existed between them.

Heine belonged to the Germans of 1836, the half-forgotten past; Wagner to the nearer time, the present, which had other ideals and other aims. Yet their views on art and poetry were not very discordant. Wagner would at any time have subscribed to Heine's words: "What is the highest in art? That which is the highest in all other manifestations of life—the self-conscious freedom of the spirit." And Wagner might have said: "With the development of conscious life mankind loses every feeling for plastic art, and finally even for color, and increased spirituality and abstract thought seize on sounds and tones in order to express what is beyond their own grasp; perhaps nothing else than the dissolution of the whole material world. Music is perhaps the last word of art, as Death is the last word of life."

On the other hand, who that knows Heine can doubt that he would have assented to the statement: "Love, the love of man for woman, not the frivolous, unchaste love in which the man seeks only to satisfy his passions, but the deep longing to feel oneself released from one's egoism by the simultaneous rapture of the loving woman, is the poetic moment," or to Wagner's proposition: "The creator of the art of the future is the artist of the present, who has a presentiment of the future and longs to be enfolded in it." When Wagner left Paris, poor in success but rich in hope, he carried on board his ship of life the gods of the future. Heine's sun, however, was beginning to sink, and neither could ever again meet.

But while the young composer was returning to his German home, we shall not err if we assign to the German poet a certain share in his new work. I am convinced that Heine's Tannhäuser had a certain influence on Wagner's work. The subject of Tannhäuser had occupied him in boyhood and youth. The story as told by Tieck and Hoffmann left him unsatisfied, while in Heine he found all he longed for—the breath of the simple, genuine folk poem in its original purity and naïveté.

Wagner himself says: "I read the thoroughly

modern poem of Tieck, and now understood why his mystical, coquettish, catholic, frivolous tendency alienated my sympathy. This was clear to me when the folk book and the simple Tannhäuser *Lied* presented to me the figure of Tannhäuser in undistorted, quickly understood traits." Now there is no folk book of Tannhäuser, and hence it is more than probable that Wagner became acquainted with the story from Heine's tale, and not from the German sagas of the Brothers Grimm. Between Wagner and Heine there is a remarkable agreement in the conception and treatment of the subject matter. Heine misses one point, which Wagner made his own—the blending of two saga motives and the union of the Singers' War on the Wartburg with the Tannhäuser material into one harmonious whole. Do we not hear the voice of Wagner in the words of Heine: "I felt as if in some dark mine I had found a vein of gold, and primæval words in their proud simplicity flashed on me till my heart was almost dazzled by the splendor. Next to the Song of Songs, which is Solomon's, I know no more glowing song of tenderness that the dialogue between the *Lady Venus* and *Tannhäuser*."

So thought and spoke Richard Wagner when the subject rose before him in all its grandeur and nobleness, and it is more than a mere literary historical combination if we assume that Heine's Tannhäuser as well as his Flying Dutchman made a powerful and lasting impression on his artistic taste. Julian Schmidt remarks that there are echoes of Heine in Lohengrin, but I do not know to what he alludes.

To accuse Wagner of ingratitude toward Heine is the work of small minds. Even if Heine had done ten times as much for Wagner as he had, it was Wagner's duty, when his views of the world and of art deviated from those of the poet, not to conceal his change in standpoint. That such deviation should end in hostility is a common phenomenon in literary history. Heine's *Jungkaterverein für Poesie-musik* in the *Romanzero*, mocking the *Katzenfrühling der Poesie*, published in 1853, is directed against Liszt more than against Wagner, although the latter is not unscathed. In the original manuscript of the poem is a stanza, afterward stricken out.

Er will eine Tonkunst ohne Kunst,
Er will vom Perrückenthume
Emanzipiren die Ton-Poesie,
Des Traumes blaue Blume.

And in a letter to Michael Schloss, June 10, 1854, Heine writes: "You have misunderstood me as to Wagner. I have written no article on him, but a poem, which is contained in a cyclus to appear in the first volume of my 'Miscellaneous Writings.'" This is the last time that Heine mentions Wagner, of whose works he only could know the *Kunstwerk der Zukunft* (1850) and the book *Oper und Drama* (1850).

It was inevitable that the paths of Heine and of Wagner should separate. They were not merely two different men with different views; they were two different periods with sharply contrasted views of things that could perhaps never have been brought into harmony. The more Heine inclined in a Judaic-Hellenistic direction the more was Wagner filled with Christian-German views. While Heine went back to the singers and martyrs of his people and his soul lingered in Palestine, Richard Wagner lived in the Northland amid the gods of Valhalla, and his soul gazed into the future of the German people which he constructed from the twilight of its past (*götterdämmerende Vergangenheit*) with his brilliant fancy. Henceforth Wagner saw in Heine only the representative of modern Judaism, and this Judaism of the *Jetzzeit* he opposed as the enemy of his German art. In his article *Das Judenthum in der Musik* (1852) we find his first judgment on Heine, when he says that in a time when all poetry had become a lie it was the office of a highly gifted poetic Jew to expose the jesuitical hypocrisy of such poetry. In his studies on *Deutsche Kunst und Deutsche Politik* also he speaks of Heine's spirit as being the father of a literature the chief characteristic of which is mockery of all serious literature, and compares the *Heine'sche Witze* to Daton's caricatures. The latter pleases the Paris *bourgeoisie* by representing everything grand or noble as merely ludicrous; the former consoles the German for the loss of German spirit by suggesting that there has not been lost anything of much importance

Again Wagner, in his article *Ueber das Dichten und Komponisten*, wherein he attacks Scheffel and others, writes "compared with his epic poems, even the rhymes of the *Bänkelsänger*, Heinrich Heine give pleasure." This opinion, the most severe ever expressed on Heine's work, embittered the poet's admirers when it was published. Looking at the affair to-day with greater coolness, we recognize in these expressions only symptoms of the discordant views which divided these men of genius. We cannot, however, refrain from thinking that Wagner did not judge Heine quite fairly; he saw only his negative mission, he overlooked his positive importance as the last Romantic and the first modern poet.

(Abridged.) GUSTAV KARPELES.

A FRENCH HISTORY OF GERMAN MUSIC.

THE lately published Histoire de la Musique Allemande, by M. Albert Soubies, has met with a most favorable reception in Germany. The fact that such a history has been written by a Frenchman is very interesting, but it may be doubted whether it shows that music holds the first place in the forces that may facilitate an approximation between France and Germany. German music has had a most powerful influence in the world, but not nearly to the extent of the influence exercised by German philosophy in every department of thought, and it has not yet produced the brotherhood of man.

M. Soubies' work is a handy volume; the author possesses a thorough knowledge of his subject and the peculiarly French gift of lucid exposition and logical development. The task of the author was a difficult one, as he had no precursors in French literature, and was compelled by the limited size of his work to condense everything. Nothing but French clarity of style could have rendered the book so readable. Naturally he avoids theoretic discussions, and judgment on living composers and artists did not come into his plan. A German critic writes: "The history of German music is essentially the transference of musical hegemony from Italy to Germany, and this is the leading thought of M. Soubies' work. Händel, Gluck and Mozart in their operatic works kept their eyes fixed on the Italians; even Meyerbeer began his labors with an attempt to gain a foothold in Italy. The individuality and independence of German art manifested itself in Beethoven, Schubert and Weber, with whom a reaction on the Italian school began.

"Gradually Europe submitted to German influence in the concert hall. In Paris the concerts of Pasdeloup, Colonne and Lamoureux were filled with German compositions. In the theatre the struggle was harder, especially as the old technic of singing was adapted especially for the florid Italian school. To-day, however, so M. Soubies shows, a reformed style, more or less German, prevails in all kinds of music. The Danes and Norwegians spring from Germany; the Russians, while rejecting Wagner, cling to Liszt and Schumann, and the contemporary Italian composers have changed their style under German influence. France, so M. Soubies says, is endowed with a clear-seeing and fine feeling eclecticism, an intelligent and delicate power of adapting herself to new circumstances, and a skillful faculty of assimilating and working over the most diverse elements. These were the gifts which introduced into France 'in the times of Beethoven' the German tradition. France's own original achievements in music, M. Soubies, with pointed modesty, has passed over without mention, but Germany has learned to enjoy the grace and spirit of the works of Boieldieu, Adam and Auber. Nay, even a philosopher like Nietzsche turns away from Wagner to Bizet and demands a regeneration of German music in the spirit of the Mediterranean peoples."

"M. Soubies' work," writes another critic, "is enriched with valuable illustrations, mostly miniatures of the Middle Ages and old engravings and portraits of all the great German composers. He is acquainted with the works of German composers from the sixteenth to the end of the nineteenth century, and conversant with the literature of the subject. His judgment is clear, independent and just; he assigns its pre-eminent place to Germany, and avoids that lack of taste which kneels only to one musical divinity. He fully acknowledges the extraordinary endowments of Richard Wagner, but does not refuse to recognize the merits of other great composers, such as Robert Schumann and Joh. Brahms and Mendelssohn. The 'musical poetry without words' of these three composers receives high praise. Mendelssohn he treats both as man and composer. His works he describes as 'of a monotonous smoothness,' and regards as the pearl of his compositions the music of the Midsummer Night's Dream, which is thoroughly original in invention, rich in ideas and of magnificent tone color. He indicates Mendelssohn's eclecticism, who took something from Bach, something from Mozart, a little from Händel, and allowed himself to be influenced by Beethoven and Weber, and who was 'the most classical of romantic and the most romantic of classical writers.'"

"In Robert Schumann Soubies praises his bold spirit of invention, his wealth of precious, original ideas, his delicate harmony, his picturesque motives and his uncommonly rich musical imagination. Brahms is regarded as an artist of the first rank, whose German Requiem reveals a deep and penetrating feeling. His compositions are 'essentially and pre-eminently musical,' possess permanent value and will be esteemed in the future still more than to-day. M. Soubies treats Beethoven with great knowledge and thoroughness; he mentions the 'brutal' opposition to the performance of Wagner's music, adding 'to-day the genius of the master is unanimously admired.' He does not fail to see that Wagner did himself great injury in Paris by the 'tactlessness of his vanity.' He recognizes the influence of Weber on Richard Wagner, but is full of praise for the leading features of Wagner's orchestration. M. Soubies, however, asks whether a reaction against the style of the Nibelungen Ring, of Tristan and of Parsifal is not setting in. A very interesting portion of the work is that on the Minnesingers, and on the German *Lied*, which he carefully distinguishes from the French *chanson* and the Italian *aria*. Mention is made, too, of German virtuosi, singers, publishers and conductors of military bands, and naturally he speaks of the merry 'dynasty' of the Strausses at Vienna. All in all we can say only good words of M. Soubies' work."

SOCIETY AND MUSIC.

A DISTINGUISHED society leader, Mrs. Calvin Brice, the wife of Hon. Calvin Brice, United States Senator from Ohio, bank and railroad president and aspiring statesman, gave an entertainment at her villa in Newport, R. I., on Monday evening, and the chief musical attraction was Maggie Cline, a well-known variety performer. This information is not extraordinary, and this is not the first occasion when Maggie Cline or other musical song or farce performers from the variety stage were called upon to furnish a musical program in the residence of a society leader. Probably as a woman of intelligence Mrs. Brice knows that in order to entertain her guests she must refrain from giving them a classical musical program. American society is not appreciative of classical music. The youth who is graduated at Yale, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Brown, Dartmouth, Bowdoin, Andover, Amherst or Cornell or Columbia, has not even a smattering of music beyond the music of the college banjo club or the glee and mandolin club, and, of course, to cultivate a taste for that is the easiest road to musical perdition.

Among the girls who study at Vassar or Cornell or Yale or at the seminaries and convents the taste is nearly as vitiated, and no better evidence is required to prove the torpidity of the musical system than to observe the nature and character of the studies and the teachers employed. There are a few exceptions; they prove the rule beyond peradventure in this instance.

From out of this mirage of musical ignorance once in a while a healthy spirit escapes, but the bulk of people moving in society in America are as ignorant of or as dead to good music as are the inhabitants of France outside of Paris. Provincial taste in that country is as unconscious of music as is the case in provincial Alabama or Nevada. The taste for music in Paris is deflected, and it will require more than Saint-Saëns, Massenet and Dubois and others of their class have done to alter the debased tendency of Paris musical taste. An Offenbach potpourri is acclaimed skyward in the Paris salons; a Beethoven sonata or a Saint-Saëns string work is not understood. They know as little of the artistic ingredients of such compositions among the wealthy Parisians as those do who attended Mrs. Brice's entertainment. To such ears classical music is not even sound; it is noise; it interrupts conversation; it is a bore. Maggie Cline, on the other hand, is an attraction. She appeals to a subordinate mental condition that does not require tension or a strain in order to comprehend. The sympathy is instantaneous; the success immediate, and, we regret to say, lasting.

English society events are supplied by the artists that appear at the Empire and the Alhambra and that come from here in the shape of American mandolin players, male and female, banjoists and soi-di-

sant minstrels. Once in a while a wild eyed farce-comedian who cannot make a living here, but who has the prestige of having played clown to the Prince of Wales for twenty minutes, figures at these "at homes." English society is impervious to good music. The nation is isolated and its insularity is more manifest in music than in any other art. The oratorio, the only popular form of music in England, is a source of attraction as much because of its text, which usually appeals to the puritanical instincts of the people, as it is because of its mathematical music, and yet society in England can hardly give you the name of another oratorio composer than Händel. The test can readily be made. Ask the first member of English society you meet who the great oratorio composers are and he will immediately say "Händel" and then he'll stop. Mendelssohn is known only among musicians in England; but society—society wants what our society wants and gets—musical trash.

The German-American in this country has his Maennerchor music written by men not known to the student of classical music. Symphony concerts and opera are not supported by the German-American, and here in this city Mr. Damrosch cannot get 50 subscribers at $200 apiece for a season of German opera among the German-Americans, although our German population makes New York and Brooklyn the third German city on the globe in point of population. German society in this city did not attend the Abbey & Grau German opera performances last season, although Seidl conducted.

The French inhabitants of New York, and there are thousands of them of means, never attend a symphony concert or the opera, not even to hear Massenet or Gounod; only once in a while a transient boulevardier can be seen at the opera. The so-called literary movement here occupies the same relative position to society that music does; and as to art—why, society knows nothing of it. The fads in society here, as well as in Paris and London, are fashion, sport and gossip.

It is only to the great middle classes of all these nations that we can look for support of healthy music. Germany is the leader in this; for music in Germany has reached the point of a national art. Not that the Government supports it, as in France, but the nation is imbued with a love and reverence for it, and this is one reason why all our orchestral bodies are nothing but German orchestras—the orchestra being the foundation of all great musical performances. In fact the only native orchestra in England is that of Sir Arthur Sullivan at the Leeds Festival, for in order to get a good orchestral performance in London the body must be recruited among German musicians.

HIGH PRICES AND HIGH ART.

THE French journals are uplifting their voices against the "scandalous" sums paid to artists, real and so called. The Socialist organ, *La Libre Parole*, takes up the case of Yvette Guilbert and her American experiences. This interesting lady confesses or professes to have signed an engagement for this country, by which she will receive 200,000 frs. for one month, or thirty performances. In contrast to these "scandalous profits" there are veritable artists who have gained the *Prix de Rome* who are dying of hunger.

It is not very flattering to our national pride to find ourselves selected as a *public abruti* willing to pay ten times as much as a thing is worth. But Yvette is no more rapacious than the Melbas and De Reszkés, and the critics who prate of art, and "art for art's sake," and who certainly have acquired the art of forming a "combine" to enforce their demands, and of discovering a *public abruti* who will submit to them, and who fully believe in the wise maxim of Hudibras that:

> The pleasure is as great
> Of being cheated as to cheat.

What is the reason why our managers will pay exaggerated salaries to artists and our public pay exorbitant prices of admission? Is it love of music? Hardly, for real lovers of music, the students of music, part of whose education it is—and a very important part too—to hear good performances of great works cannot afford to visit the Metropolitan Opera House. Is it to promote art? Alas, no. For then there would be some stipulation as to the production of new works and the introduction of new executants. Under the present system the high priced stars will not learn new works or tolerate new singers, and we, the high paying public, will tolerate nothing or nobody that has not had a European success.

The truth is that here and in England also the opera is a fashionable function. Our millionaires take boxes and give guarantees to Mr. Grau because it is the fashionable thing; they pay their money not on account of the reputation of Jean de Reszké or Melba, but on account of their own reputation as "leaders of society." They must have boxes or lose caste. The artists follow suit. Patti at a charity concert refused to sing because the admission was half a guinea instead of a guinea, although there was no doubt about the honorarium. Where is it to end?

Is Wagner to be the *Erlöser?* A late visitor to Bayreuth, Armand Silvestre, after hearing the tetralogy, writes: "It is time for the gods to give place to men, and for the accursed dominion of gold, the source of all the woes of mankind, to be followed by the holy, only power that can bring to us aught divine, the power of love. Such a confession of faith by an atheist, who longed for human tenderness, sounds well at the end of this century, when superstition and the 'cursed hunger of gold' seem to have reached the limits beyond which a regeneration of mankind by the Ideal is unattainable, unless mankind no longer deserves to sink in blood and dirt, as the Gods of Walhalla sank into night and oblivion." The whole is greater than a part, and generalities have particular applications, and we may perhaps soon see a Twilight of the Gods, both tenor and soprani.

The Unimprovable Fiddle.

FOR when you come to think of it, it is a curious and bewildering circumstance that, in a world and in an age where progress is one of the laws of existence, the violin should be to-day, not only as to form and all essential details, exactly what it was some 300 years ago, but that it is even now a less perfect instrument than it was when the old masters were warming their glue pots and mixing their vaunted varnish and chipping out their blocks of wood in the little Italian town of Cremona, now two centuries back, says *Chambers' Journal*. Mr. Gladstone has said somewhere that to perfect that wonder of travel, the locomotive, has not required the expenditure of more mental strength and application than to perfect a violin. But then you can put the locomotive into the march of progress; the violin you can't. In this respect it stands alone among musical instruments.

Flutes have been improved, new types of clarinet have been evolved, the harpsichord and the spinet have given place to the piano, organs have come to be controlled by electricity—everything in short in the way of musical instruments has tended toward advance and improvement, while the construction of the violin is numbered—at any rate by the enthusiasts who run the fiddle prices into four figures—among the arts which have been and are not. The experience of centuries and the ingenuity of many generations of skilled mechanics have been altogether unavailing, and violinists to-day are content to starve themselves that they may give hundreds, nay, even thousands, for instruments which did not produce tens when they first left the workshops at Cremona.

[One reason for this is the comparative simplicity of construction. The violin is the most perfect of all musical instruments, and at the same time all other musical instruments are, in comparison with it, complex in construction. In the instrument proper not a particle of metal is used; all other instruments used for legitimate musical purposes, except the drum, have metal parts or are made of metal, and the piano, the reed organ, the electric pipe organ, spinet, the harpsichord have metal parts. One wound violin string is covered with light wire or gauze. A violin can be made with a jack-knife. There is a tradition that attributes to old Italian makers the jack-knife as the one tool they required. Of course it was all hand work.

By violin we mean very naturally instruments of the violin school.—EDS. MUSICAL COURIER.]

Tschaikowsky.—In a lately published letter to Manager Prjanischnikow, Tschaikowsky speaks of his unfitness for opera conducting. "The fact is that a composer who conducts his own works, and especially such a nervous and inexperienced conductor as I, can wreck an opera. This almost happened to me at Moscow. But apart from this I find that the composer who also conducts impresses on the executive artist a certain little-desirable nervousness. The singers, the choruses, the orchestra perform their tasks much more accurately and quietly when they are under the firm, well-known hand of their usual conductor. It is somewhat different in the case of symphony concerts."



Hier, wo mein Wähnen Frieden fand — WAHNFRIED — sei dieses Haus von mir bekannt.

IT is more difficult to leave Bayreuth than to get there. To-day, Wednesday, July 29, is the last day of the second cyclus, and to-morrow I must go forth from this enchanted land of Wagner, and I confess I view the parting with sorrow. I came to criticise and remained to pray. Always a half hearted lover of the master (Heavens, there it goes at last; "the master;" I'm lost, I'm a Wagnerian, a degenerate!), I leave here with my thews strung for war and in my head is a constellation of leading motives. I can give you the Renunciation of Love or the Cooking Motiv of *Mime* with the utmost facility, and as I walk my heels are sometimes obsessed by the rhythms of the Nibelungs. The very dogs of Bayreuth bark like *Hunding's*.

The town is saturated with Wagner. In every shop are pictures, busts, medallions, cuff buttons, drinking cups, analytical guides and God knows what else, all concerning the late stepson of Mr. Geyer. Coachmen whistle motives from Parsifal and Rheingold, and I found next to me at a Siegfried performance a young fellow who had an hour previously served me with soup and meat. He seemed more interested in the performance than I was, for he had waited on Grüning and said with a Teutonic gurgle:

"Ach, the Mr. Grüning, is he not then very beautiful?"

* * *

Of course some one had given the boy a ticket, as 20 mark pieces are not plentiful in Bayreuth. I suppose few, if any, of the inhabitants of this place have been in the Wagner theatre, but the performances are a godsend to the town. I will say that, considering the chances, there is but little extortion These people are so honest and unspoiled yet by the world that they leave their doors unlocked at nights. The prices in the hotels are moderate, and more so if you are lucky enough to engage rooms in a private family. Thanks to Mr. Floersheim, I was, and while I paid a good price for Bayreuth—5 marks a day, including breakfast—I assure you I got the worth of my money. Cleanliness, politeness and a certain heartiness were all in evidence, and very grateful. The Germans are quite as polite as the French, and much more sincere. In America we do not always get the pick or see the flower of the nation. Consideration for one's personal privileges, and above all for one's opinions, I found everywhere, and a still more lovely trait is the respect paid to age. Here one's parents are venerated and not pushed in a corner as in America. Young United States is so progressive that his father is a tottering senile, useless person at forty and his mother is the "old woman!" What an example the Germans set in this respect. Indeed they carry the virtue to excess, for out of sheer gratitude for an artist's worth they will listen to him with respectful attention when he is a wreck. It is very pleasant for the artist, but rather severe on the public.

Mark Twain made this observation twenty years ago, but it will bear repetition.

* * *

It is a warm morning. Birds are trilling and telling me that in a magic fire-begirt esplanade awaits with parched throat a thirsty *Brünnhilde*, but I am lazy and prefer to loll and loaf at my ease in the open casement and watch a pretty English girl across the street play *Siegmund's* Song of Spring, and in the key of G minor! I called out twice to stop and play it with one hand alone, but she heeded me not, probably taking me for a crazy Wagnerite; and so she goes on neatly, and makes a hideous mess of the song. As Zangwill says, "Too many Cook's tourists spoil the broth."

On the floor underneath me in the Alexanderstrasse

is Ellen Gulbranson, the Swedish *Brünnhilde* of the second cycle. She is rehearsing for this afternoon's Götterdämmerung. Her voice is enormous, and she floods the street and the meadows beyond with tone. I am not enchanted, however, and long for a surcease of music.

Yesterday I went again to Wahnfried, and gazed at the bust of King Ludwig and regarded with awe the slab under which reposes the extraordinary man who worked all these wonders. The sun just touched the tops of the trees in the Hof-Garten, and then somebody somewhere played with a delicate, discriminating touch the opening bars of Mozart's first sonata, the one in the key of F.

It was inexpressibly affecting to hear this little tune at Wahnfried, the very nexus of the music of the Present. As if one plucked from some mighty, rock-bound mountain side a tender bluebell!

* * *

But Bayreuth is not always sentimental, Bayreuth is not always passionately dramatic. Bayreuth can be intensely social, although never witty. The social side is seen after the performances. You can get something to eat and drink at the restaurant on the hill near the theatre, but the food is indifferent, the service abominable. Tables are reserved a week ahead and the waiters are insolent and overpaid. In the town there are lots of good places, but the rendezvous of the artists is Sammet's, in the old Königl, Schloss. There is a large, cool and grateful garden, plenty of beer and good cooking. The place is called Künstler Heim, and is the new Angermann's, the old Café Angermann being no longer in existence. The new post office now occupies its historic site. But Sammet, the eccentric Sammet, who wears four Wagner scarf pins at once, has bought all the curiosities and mementoes of Angermann's, so he may be considered the legitimate successor of Angermann. He has one room that is a veritable Wagner museum. Only the privileged are allowed to enter it and dine and gaze at signed photographs, Wagner's hand in plaster, and many, many other souvenirs for the passionate pilgrim.

* * *

Sammet, who plays mad for revenue, also agonizes his patrons by his performance on an old trombone given him by Hans Richter. Later the conductor stole the mouthpiece. The moment a stranger enters the gates out is fetched the guest book, in which you must inscribe your name, and you are usually in distinguished company. Then, full of the joy of life, Sammet goes within and presently the Donner motiv is heard, "He-da! He-da, He-do!" but played horribly. Then follows an insane attempt at the Sword motif, but the theme goes to pieces before the top note is reached. Hisses, cat-calls, yells of "Stop, put him out," and derisive laughter have no effect on this man lusting for music. I think he knows perfectly well that a reputation for eccentricity in Bayreuth fits well in the general picture and is productive of shekels, so he blows brass and draws the crowd.

A group of merry Bavarian peasant girls are waitresses in Sammet's and I caught a glimpse of the easy going morals and comfortable life of the hillside. These girls are pretty and voracious for beer and nickels. They grab one-fifth of a cent eagerly and the student or soldier or the passionate pilgrim may encircle their waists without reprimand. I didn't discover the tariff for kissing but I saw the distinguished young—Oh, I won't be mean, but he is a somebody and he kissed a girl of the hill tops the night of the second Rheingold and no one seemed to think it amiss of him.

* * *

When the Bavarian moon (full of course) shines in this old garden, and the sounds of singing and merriment are heard, I sit and dream of such a place in the middle of hard, cold New York. It would be an impossibility.

* * *

Conservative are these Germans of Bayreuth. One night my key was caught in the keyhole. Don't laugh, it was a genuine accident, and the night was far from spent. I tried for a time the trade of a locksmith, but every turn only made matters worse. In despair I rang the bell, and soon a young servant girl arrived at the other side of the door. I explained to her the trouble, and she wrestled within and endeavored to push my key out. It was all to no purpose. Then she took out a panel of the door, and I saw my chance. Pushing her aside I tried to insinuate 200 pounds of American flesh and nerve into the house. The girl had fits at once.

"No, no, don't do that, it is not allowed," she cried, and piteously implored me not to make the attempt. I paused to ask her why, but she could give no other reason, except that such a proceeding was unheard of and therefore must be wrong. I got in and went upstairs, leaving her terrified at such a creator of precedent. About an hour later, as I slumbered and dreamed of Nibelheim, a lusty knocking on my door awoke me.

I got up in a bad humor, and asked what the devil the matter was. I am growing irritable with age and Wagner.

"Your key, your key, my sir," said the servant in triumphant tones.

"You couldn't have given it to me in the morning, could you?" I asked, and reproachfully the girl shook her head.

"In the morning, oh, no, worthy sir, not in the morning!"

What a country, what a system! Mein Gott!

* * *

There is much bitterness manifested by the old Wagnerian crowd toward the present enterprise. Tappert, the Berlin critic, and one of the earliest Wagnerites, is the worst scold of the lot. Naturally, Cosima and Siegfried don't consult him; hence the abuse. He is said to be a very able man, but he needs a haircut badly. I've seen long hair and big hats in my time, but never such an absurd picture as is presented by this cross old man from Berlin. They call him the lion-headed Tappert. He really looks like a sour old woman with unkempt hair. His hat has a brobdingnagian brim and a bell top; give him a broomstick and you have a witch of the dark ages, excepting the skirts.

* * *

How shall I escape this Wagner, this Wagner who in Bayreuth at least makes all art seem futile, microscopic. He mesmerizes you, and you struggle in vain to throw off the dream meshes of his harmonies. I heard Rheingold again on Sunday evening last. It was a much more spirited performance than the first. Mottl conducted with great power, and his fortissimos were superb. The cast was the same, except that Gerhaüser was the *Froh* instead of young Burgstaller. He was rather nervous, having taken the part at a few hours' notice. Friedrich's *Alberich* was ever so much better vocally, and little fault could be found throughout. Miss Weed, the *Freia*, still wore her Parisian gown, which, let me remark, was very becoming to her stately beauty, but hardly Walhall-ish. However, I have told you who selected the costumes. The singers have no say in the matter.

* * *

Die Walküre was sung on Monday evening, and with a new *Brünnhilde*, Fru Gulbranson, the Swede. She has a big voice, which she uses recklessly, but which serves her well in climaxes, for it has not seen much work yet. She is as cold as a frozen fjord. (I am not sure whether they have fjords in Sweden, but the simile will hold.) Her conception of the rôle was not especially intelligent; rather it showed good imitative faculties; while the voice was the voice of Gulbranson, the conception was that of Frau Cosima. In the last act she warmed up, but was completely overshadowed by Rosa Sucher for a few minutes. Gulbranson has a certain large manner, and no doubt will prove a valuable addition to the Wagnerian Sisterhood.

* * *

Though it was not as brilliant a performance as the first one, it was, thanks to Mottl, a very striking one. Sucher again stirred us with her *Sieglinde*, and Brema's *Fricka* grows vocally and histrionically. The Ride was overwhelming, and the girls on the hobby-horses sang very well. I confess I am a great admirer of Perron, the *Wotan*. His voice is rather light for the part, and in Siegfried he did not convince me as the *Wanderer* with the cryptic whiskers; but his *Wotan*, in Walküre, is very impressive, and how the man sings! Such a ductile emission, and with what dramatic intensity! He is booked for America sure some day, although I will always take off my hat to Emil Fischer.

* * *

The attendance at this second series is very large. Nobility is present in amazing quantities, and people are gathered from Java and Jersey, Hoboken and Spain. It would take a Walt Whitman to enumerate the various notabilities and nationalities. However I will try. After the manner of the Rev. Mr. Baker, the society editor of the *New York Herald*, let me begin by saying:

Among those present I noticed the Landgraf of Hessen, the Graf and Gräfin Osten-Sacken, Fritz Neff, of Leipsic; Comtesse de St. Saudeur, of Paris; Miss Seebach, of Cologne; J. A. Fuller Maitland, of London; Mr. Field, the Canadian pianist; the Herters, of Berlin; Comtesse Georges Vitali, of Paris; the Codmans, of Boston; Emmy Langermann, Miss C. B. Pratt, of Mobile; Ben Walmeley, Arthur Hight, of Bombay; the Princess Luise of Prussia!!!; Gräfin von Hardenberg, Landgraf Alexander Friederich von Hessen, Knut Andersson, of Stockholm (I don't know Knut, but I like his name); Lionel Gosling, of London; Le Kime Nelson, secretary of the *Guide Musical*, of Brussels; Brooke Ranee of Sarawak, India!; Mrs. Ogden, of New York; Joseph Dyer, the pianist, of Worcester, from Berlin; Schultz-Curtius, of London; Madame Aline Miclesco, of Bucharest; J. Howell, New York (dear old New York, with the cable gongs); Comtesse d'Anvers Cahen, of Paris; the Prince Hermann von Sachsen-Weimar-Eisenach, Duke of Saxony, his wife (same string of railroad time table names), his daughter (wie oben), Prince Max von Baden, and the Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, accompanied by his Battenberg nose, stalked about in the most British fashion imaginable. It being damp weather in London, Ferdinand wore his panties turned up at the bottom.

* * *

Then to resume this beaming catalogue (my God, why did I ever begin it?) there were Prince Gregor Cantacuzene (set this to a five voice fugue), Charles Dowdeswell, the honorary secretary of the London Wagner Society; Joseph Urban, Helen Glover, Mme. Roger, of Paris; Mrs. Walter Bagehot, of London, and the widow of a very distinguished man of letters; Mrs. A. Steinway, of New York; Ignaz Ephrussi, of Paris (the Ephrussis simply roll in gold, Rhine and otherwise); the Marchioness of Queensberry, Esther Palliser, the American soprano, now of London; Mrs. J. W. Hazelhurst, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. John Elliott, of Boston; the Hopkinsons, of London; Mrs. Spencer Erwin, of Philadelphia; Victor Bauce, of Vienna; Louise Tillianny-Eiger, the Parisian composer; the Earl of Kingston, Countess of Kingston, Lady Edith Tenison King, of Dublin; Bemberg, the composer of Elaine, who was in company with several Parisians; Countess Teleki, of Vienna; Princess Bibesco, of Paris; Kurt Peters, of Munich; Clarence Eddy, the organ virtuoso, with Mrs. Eddy and Miss Mira Hershey; Amherst Webber, the well-known repetitor; Mr. and Mrs. Constantin v. Sternberg, of Philadelphia and Dresden; Clotilde Kleeberg, the celebrated Parisian pianist; Miss Kittredge, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Jones, of New York; Margaret Welch, of Boston, George Lederer, not of New York and the Casino, but the singer of Zürich; Andrée Messager, the talented light opera composer; the Misses Pierpont Morgan, of New York; Roland Whitridge, of Boston; Anton Averkamp, music director of Amsterdam; Elsie Briggs, of Nashville; Miss Purdy, of New York; Mr. K. Sharp, of Louisville; Mrs. William Scott, of Indianapolis; Miss Virginia Tufte, of Boston; Mrs. Cutter, of Washington; Alexander Bacon, of Brooklyn; Miss Egts, formerly of Cleveland, now of Heidelberg; Sâr Peladan, the mage of Paris and Persia, with his bride the Princess Peladan.

* * *

The Sâr was in great form. He wore white flannel and looked immaculate. His wife only wore white flannels. The poet, painter, impressionist, mage, charlatan and shrewd half-mad man seemed bent on enjoying Bayreuth to the full. Those who have read his ecstatic prose would have been shocked to see him drink beer in a garden. He kissed his wife most absurdly and devotedly between sips, and I was horrified, for I always imagined Rosicrucians and Knight Templars were not fleshly. The Sâr is, I think, a humbug. He is a picturesque little fellow with a coal black beard and great masses of tumbling hair. He looks like an Arab, and has all the Oriental gravity excepting when he discoursed vivacious Parisian, and I am bound to confess he talked all the time.

* * *

Martin Krause, of Leipsic, stayed for the second series and so did August Göllerich, of Nuremberg; Miller C. Daylon, of Cleveland; the Von Siemens and Helmhatz families, of Berlin; the famous Dub-

lin scholar, J. S. Mahaffy; Bishop Donnelly, of Bray, Ireland; Francis Bullard, of Boston; the Misses Bullard, all musical people; Professor Roentgen, without his ray; J. F. Runciman, the music critic of the *Saturday Review*, of London; Paula Halir, the Weimar opera singer; Max von Puttkamer, Mr. and Mrs. James Roosevelt, of New York; Rudolf Zwintscher, the Leipsic pianist and composer; Countess Esterhazy and Countess Karolyi; Victor Gans, music director of Amsterdam, and the Misses Bowen, of Chicago.

* * *

There! have I not the makings of a society editor in me? Do you suppose that I knew all these people? Not a third of them, my children. I simply copied such names as I saw fit from an absurd little publication called the *Strangers' List*, and there you are. I call it absurd, because it publishes the names of visitors after they have fled to Nuremberg several days.

* * *

I saw young Elaine Bemberg, I mean Bemberg, the composer of Elaine. He is said to be contemplating the composition of an opera to be called The Fairies, thus emulating Wagner and also pleasing his many friends. He seemed very fond while in Bayreuth of the young students, and he got real devilish every night at Sammet's drinking Pilsner. As I happened to be on the same train with him that ran from Stuttgart to Strasbourg, I was not surprised to find him occupying with some nice young men a compartment in a coupé labeled "Für Frauen."

* * *

The second Siegfried performance was interesting because of the appearance of Burgstaller as a remplacement of Grüning, and also because he never sang the part before. Burgstaller has many faults, he doesn't know how to sing yet. Herr Kniese doesn't teach singing at the Bayreuth academy—declamation only. So the young man simply shouts, and his attempt to deftly blend head and chest tones was a failure. But he looked young, albeit loutish, and he sang the first two acts with plenty of energy. He is musical, anyhow. In the last act nature revenged herself on *Siegfried* and *Brünnhilde*. They were both pumped out and the curtains closed on exhaustion and chagrin.

Lilli Lehmann, who was never a diplomatic woman, remarked to Cosima Wagner that this was indeed the season for amateurs at Bayreuth. Pleasing for Cosi?

* * *

Let me tell you the truth about Gulbranson, whose husband is an officer in the Swedish army. Fancy the imprudence of the woman. Tuesday morning, July 28, she sang on the floor below me with her repetitor an hour of Walküre (the work she made her début in the night before), in the afternoon she sang two hours of Siegfried, and at 8 that evening she sang in the drama.

Is it any wonder she gave out at the close? Why, even a fog horn or Moran-Olden would need a rest before Siegfried.

* * *

Götterdämmerung was the last work I heard in Bayreuth. Burgstaller was again *Siegfried*, and he played him in a new suit and without whiskers. Gulbranson left me cold, and the funeral march was not so impressive as under Richter.

I don't think that Lehmann will be engaged again for Bayreuth. The lady is forthright in her remarks, and Wahnfried doesn't like the truth unless well gilded. Wahnfried in both theory and practice exemplifies Tammany's foreword, "If ye'ere not wid me ye'ere agin me!"

You must love Wahnfried, love its dog, or you are consigned to utter darkness, where there is a weeping and a wailing and a gnashing of Brahms.

Brahms, I was told, would like to visit Bayreuth, but the master (I serve two masters, God help me, I am a straddler) fears that his visit would be proclaimed to the four corners of the globe, and twisted into a twentieth century version of a new pilgrimage to Canossa. So he remains away, and goes to Ischl instead.

But I have Mottl's word for it that Felix Weingartner was at Bayreuth this week incognito. He is not a grateful person to Wahnfried, so he came up without the fanfares proclaiming the ninety-two leading motives from his Genesius.

* * *

And that reminds me. Here is the order in which the fanfares for 1896 were proclaimed. For Das Rheingold, Donner's motiv. For the first and second acts of Die Walküre, several bars of the Schwert motiv. For the third act, the Schwert motiv in all its triumphant glory. For the first act of Siegfried, *Siegfried's* horn call was sounded, for the second act the Siegmotiv in B flat, for the third act the familiar and ever lovely Siegfried motiv. For Götterdämmerung, before the first act was blown the Curse motiv, before the second the Wedding Call, and before the third the stately and surpassingly noble Walhalla motiv.

* * *

In 1876 Donner's motiv, the Sword motiv, Siegfried's motiv and the Walhalla motiv were only employed. I liked better the 1896 version. It was more various.

* * *

And what a clever trick was this idea of Wagner's. It gives you the right key for the act and it also summons you from your drink. German in its combination of idealism and realism is it not?

* * *

To return to Bayreuthian politics. A few, four or five, of the orchestra two summers ago resolved to enjoy their mornings over chamber music. It was to be a corrective to the overwrought dramatic music of the night. So one day Brahms' quintet in F minor was given. That very afternoon Wahnfried heard the horrid rumor that Brahms—Brahms, the enemy of Richard—had been done honor to in the very stronghold of Wagnerism. Yes; and on that very afternoon a cold cut was given the first violin's salute by Her Majesty, and Brahms was carefully avoided in the future by the band. Sounds noble and large minded, doesn't it?

* * *

Isn't it delightful? Oh, another item of news that may throw much light on the personal contents of the skulls of Bayreuthians: I noticed in almost every second story window what is known as a telltale—a mirror which informs the anxious one the intelligence of the arrival of strangers.

* * *

Richter must be a terror. The orchestra arrived here June 15, and it was put at once into daily rehearsal. When Richter floated in on the wings of song from Vienna he took a fresh grip, and the band sweated with renewed perspiration. Then there were supplementary rehearsals of the wind, brass and wood, then the strings were told off in four regiments and manœuvred on the instrumental field until the dust got into the conductor's capacious throat and had to be washed down. Each work, every act, was treated in this fashion by this inexorable man, who conducts without a partition! There is German thoroughness for you. Now, my lads, old and young, of the Philharmonic Society, why don't you follow the example of the portly Hans and rehearse oftener?

* * *

I was down in the orchestra and saw its wonderful acoustic vaults, and I got on the stage at the risk of my life. It is almost the perfection of mechanism. In the orchestra the men have to sit in their shirt sleeves on a warm day, and Richter often conducts without a collar.

* * *

The spectacle of men scraping, blowing and pounding, and of the back of a man waving a stick, is happily not witnessed, and the illusion is all the greater. The music is more pervasive, finer in fibre and never blatant or coarse. I doubt, however, if America could dispense with the band on view. America likes to look at the mechanism of music and examine the fingers of the pianist in full cry across the hellish keyboard.

* * *

With Neumann, the critic of the *Tageblatt*, I rode out to Liszt's grave and the grave of Jean Paul Richter in the Friedhof. Liszt's last resting place was, I am told, designed by Siegfried Wagner. He must be a better conductor than architect, at least I hope so. The tomb was crowded with wreaths and offerings. I saw the names of Eugen d'Albert and Stavenhagen and others.

I spoke German all day to Neumann and he never smiled, except when I recited Heine.

The Germans are indeed a polite race.

* * *

Constantin v. Sternberg and his vivacious wife were at the second cyclus, and I enjoyed their company exceedingly. Sternberg finished on the very day of his arrival here the first movement of his second piano trio in F sharp minor. He played it for me, and its elegiac character, admirable form and pregnant themes pleased me exceedingly. After each act of the music dramas Sternberg would exultingly remark:

"Another whalebone to brace up my musical backbone next season in Philadelphia."

I suggested his staying three more cycles in order to complete the corset—I mean the circuit.

That is the way one feels here. It is an emotional bath into which you plunge your soul, drag it out and hang it on the limb of a hickory bush to dry and never go near the water.

You never do in Germany—of course, mistress, I refer to drinking, not washing water!

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Eddy are enjoying the performances. I kept the celebrated American organist out very late one night and the next day I saw him looking like Patience on an organ point.

* * *

He has had a very successful season and expects a bigger one this year. He is very well known and much admired in Paris and London.

* * *

I had the pleasure of meeting Clotilde Kleeberg, the Parisian pianist, here and placing in her agile fingers the new piano suite dedicated to her and composed by Mr. Otto Floersheim. He played it for me at Steingraeber's piano warerooms in Bayreuth, and I must acknowledge that I was both surprised and

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gratified. The suite is claviermässig and its composer has the courage of his counterpoint. I liked much the broad, flowing, musical prelude and the charming Aveu. The work is full of caprice, variety, color and interest. Mr. Floersheim's piano playing still retains it alarming characteristics. He can stretch thirteenths and his chords have about seventeen tones to the chord. Plantigrade is his touch, and he can get more orchestral tone out of an upright than most pianists out of a grand. He 's all right. Chorus.

* * *

I met two exceedingly well bred and amiable young men, the sons of Rud. Ibach, the piano manufacturer of Barmen. I had the pleasure of presenting to them Ferdinand Mayer and his son, whom I encountered on the hill. Mr. Mayer told me not to miss Nürnberg.

I didn't.

* * *

Visitors to Bayreuth were informed by the medium of a card that "explanation and instruction, which will aid visitors to Bayreuth in understanding the Nibelungen Ring," would be given by Franklin P. Patterson, of Philadelphia. Now, doesn't this seem like fetching coals to Newcastle (Delaware)?

Of course the turning of an honest penny is never to be decried. Yet this same Mr. Patterson said to a friend of mine that he only came to Bayreuth for the orchestra, and that the orchestra was bad this season!

Wagner must have writhed under his slab at Wahnfried.

Several times I heard the same sort of remark. "Oh, if Wagner had not written for the voice, but just let the band play on!"

And this in Bayreuth, where one really realizes the significance of the drama, of the sung word, of the absolutely indivisibility of text and tone!

* * *

But the laity are not the only ones at fault. I heard a story about Paula Schlager, who once interrupted the rehearsal of the second act of Walküre at Vienna by calling out to Richter:

"Say, Hans, what am I to this old one eyed bat (fledermaus) *Wotan?* Am I married to him, or was I ever? else why is the skinny old bird *Fricka* so jealous? Or is *Wotan* my uncle? How shall I treat *Fricka* anyhow, and shall I punch *Wotan's* head if he makes love to me?"

She was advised to treat everyone all around, and also to read Herr Dampdreckle's Ueberschreitung des Geleise, oder dichtung und wahrheit ueber Wagner's theorie des Nornen. She did, and the chromatic scales fell from her eyes.

N. B.—The German is mine. That is, it looks German, but it really isn't.

* * *

Yet Paula's question is calculated to set the anxious and chaste reader wondering what *Wotan* was in private life. A rooster or a Mormon before the war would be rank monogamists when compared to this bird of the night, whose adulteries and incests were always excused by the allusion to Noth.

Now, if *Wotan* was bad, what a primordial, paleolithic, eocene scamp was this metaphysical entity, Noth! And again am I getting entangled in genealogical slime about *Erda*. Von Wolzogen calls *Erda* one of *Wotan's* favorite daughters. This must be a slip of the pen. Then Sternberg declares that *Erda* is *Brünnhilde's* mother; yet in Rheingold *Wotan* does not appear on intimate terms with the old girl.

Was *Erda* neither maid, wife nor widow?

It rained cats, dogs and Nibelungs the Friday of the first week. Mr. Adolph Loos, who was here for several New York German papers, went about singing:

"Nothung, Nothiung, neidlicher schirm," and somebody gave him an umbrella to stop him.

He also perpetrated this horrible sacrilegious travesty:

"Grüss mir Broadway, grüss mir Lüchows, grüss mir all the fairies and say I'll soon be there."

Fancy greased Wünsch Mädchens!

* * *

I felt very proud of the success of my countrywomen, Marion Weed and Olive Fremstad, who set the hearts of young Germany beating with their good looks and handsome figures. Both pupils of Lilli Lehmann, they did their teacher credit. They are engaged at the Cologne Opera for three years.

* * *

To illustrate the varying nationalities in the personnel of this year's festival, let me tell you that the daughter of the once famous Ira Aldridge, the African tragedian, Fräulein Luranah Aldridge, who studied in Germany, England and France, was one of the Valkyries.

* * *

I kneiped at Sammet's with Carl Perron, amiable artist, Arnold Rosé, the concert master of the orchestra, and also occupying the same position at the Vienna Opera, his brother, Eduard Rosé, 'cellist in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, George Benesch, a jolly good fellow, leader of the contra bassi; Emil Gerhäuser, of Carlsruhe, the *Siegmund* of the cycles, who was in Bayreuth on his honeymoon; lusty Karl Grengg, the witty Wiedermann, Hans Breur, the *Mime*, big Johannes Elmblad, Fritz Friedrichs, who looks like an Irishman Wagnerized, good looking Ernst Wachter, the youngest basso in Germany, a *Hunding* at twenty-four; Felix Mottl, full of nervous energy, and last and longest Alois Burgstaller. The gatherings were distinguished by their extreme decorum and total abstinence—from prayer.

* * *

The Saturday night of the first week there was a social function at the Villa Wahnfried to which were bidden sundry folk, artistic and otherwise. All the artists of the theatre were there and a stiff ceremonious affair it was. There was some music. A pianist had the bad taste musically, and the tact socially, to attempt a Wagner-Liszt transcription. Plunket Greene sang and Marie Brema, with her pretty daughter, Miss Braun, were there. It is difficult to tell the two women apart. They seem like sisters, which does not mean that Miss Braun looks old but that Brema looks exceedingly young. I hear that she was disappointed about the selection of the number two *Brünnhilde*. I don't wonder at that. Brema is an infinitely better *Brünnhilde* than Gulbranson, even if some of the music lies too high for her. I am not satisfied with Brema's tone production, yet she sings much more artistically than the Swede. Then as to temperament, of course you know all about that! Brema's *Fricka* was a live, jealous, angry, palpitating mass of womanhood or goddesshood or in whatever class you prefer to schedule the much abused Scandinavian Juno and spouse of *Wotan*.

* * *

Everybody seemed afraid to talk at Wahnfried, I mean express an opinion. Court etiquette prevailed. The Misses Wagner, Isolde and Eva, did the honors, assisted by their half-sisters, Hans von Bülow's two daughters, Daniella and Blandina. The latter are well married and inherit some of their father's sparkling esprit. The Wagner girls are carefully reared and well bred young ladies. German they are to the backbone. One, I've forgotten which, takes great interest in the costumes, while the other receives the numerous guests at the house of Wagner. Pervading all was the personality of Frau Cosima, subtle as her father's and just as worldly. She has his eyes, lynx eyes, and his courtier-like bow. To an American these Europeans are a profound subject for study. It almost seems impossible that a social revolution could ever upset the firmly founded fabric reared for so many ages. Yet on all sides you hear of the Socialists and their undermining work.

I heard nothing but good things of Willie Hohenzollern, the young Emperor. He is a real live, energetic man, who takes himself and his position seriously. He now commands the respect of his people—a rare thing for a king to accomplish in these democratic days. William is a tremendous worker, and is a versatile fellow. Of course he is criticised, but in a good natured manner. He may be the last Emperor of Germany, but he certainly looks and lives like one, and has done more to restore confidence in an imperial régime than cartloads of pamphlets. Your health, Bill! and when an American drinks to the crown the wearer thereof must be a good fellow.

* * *

Marvelous, is it not, the amount of patriotism one develops abroad? The sight of an American flag in Bayreuth gave me a choking sensation, and I almost felt like yelling, "O say, can you see," but a regiment of Uhlans came along, and I calculated instead how much it costs the German citizen to keep the army in hop juice.

* * *

The Germans take great interest in the campaign political that is being waged in the United States. They imagine that if Shamus O'Bryan, the silver king, gets into the presidential chair the country will go bankrupt. I must myself confess a sort of sovereign contempt for silver. Silver is debased coin in France to an alarming extent, and Italian silver is not worth half its face value. However, what interests me more is whether I shall stay for the third cyclus. Siegfried Wagner conducts. Perhaps I had better fold my valise and steal silently away to Nuremberg.

P. S.—I have stolen. Of Nuremberg and its memories of Melanchthon, Hans Sachs and Albrecht Dürer, of the charms of hill-hemmed Stuttgart, of Strassbourg and its beautiful minster piercing the sky like a pen, of all these I will speak later, for I have left my heart in Bayreuth.

JAMES HUNEKER.

Karlsruhe.—The Ducal Conservatory of Karlsruhe in its twelfth annual report states that the institution was attended during the school year 1895-6 by 535 pupils, among whom were many Americans.

The Verdi Home for Aged Musicians.—The home for aged musicians which Verdi is building in Milan is located at Porta Magenta, at the Piazza Michael Angelo Buonarotti. A few weeks ago he was on the spot inspecting its progress. He left thence for the summer resort Montecatini, where he usually spends the hot season.

Mascagni.—According to reports from Pesaro, Romano Sciava has written a libretto from Hauptmann's Die Weber, which has been offered to Mascagni, who inclines to accepting it. Meanwhile he is thinking of writing a Bohême, like Leoncavallo and Puccini, in which he will use the music he intended for Cigarette, the operetta which was discontinued as Jules Claretie would not allow his text to be used.

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I REMEMBER Geoffrey Ormeroyd from the time, some twenty years ago, when we were students together at the Royal Academy of Music. He was then bent on being a composer, a wish that he has since realized. Even when I left England (of which more anon) he had achieved a certain success, for he undoubtedly had talent, even genius, and his songs were recognized as being far out of the common. When I first knew him he was a wild young man with a shock of dark hair and gray eyes that either looked through you or beyond, out into the distance. Without being exactly handsome, he was very attractive and peculiar looking—a mixture of strength and weakness, force and gentle sensitiveness. At that time I was studying singing, for I fancied I had a vocie, and my spare time was generally spent with Geoffrey, whose songs, quite unnecessarily difficult in their accompaniments and with intervals in the vocal parts that I could never properly overcome (much to his irritation), I sedulously endeavored to sing. I even went with him to several publishers to whom he had introductions, and I well remember I much admired the calmness with which he took his rebuffs. In time I found I could not sing, and, having given the thing up, went out to Africa to try my luck. At first we wrote to each other a good deal, but after a year or so Geoffrey told me he had taken a temporary organistship, and that was the last letter I received from him. When I came back to London, after fifteen years' absence, a rich man, the first thing I did was to find out where Geoffrey lived and what he was doing. I heard him spoken about in society as if he were quite a celebrated person, whom not to know was a confession of lamentable ignorance, and I went to his address at Hampstead with much elation of mind, for, though I had not seen or heard from him for nearly fifteen years, one does not easily forget one's bosom friends, and nothing gave me greater pleasure than to learn of his success. I had had no time to try over his latest song which I had bought, but a glance at it showed me that Geoffrey had considerably modified his style. In fact, it seemed to me to be a regular pot boiler, and I laughed to myself in my cab, as a man who has made money will laugh, with good-humored indulgence at the methods to which men must stoop to become rich. Geoffrey, I thought, must be a very different being to the man I remembered, who would have cut off his right hand rather than stoop to write a lower kind of song than that which he considered artistic. And when I arrived at his comfortable looking house and had shaken hands with my old friend I found that Geoffrey Ormeroyd of to-day *was* very different to the Geoffrey Ormeroyd of fifteen years ago.

He recognized me easily enough, but there was a certain restraint in his manner which I attributed to the length of years which had elapsed since we last met. I doubt if I should have recognized him if I had met him in the street. He was not improved, I thought. His eyes, which used to have a very beautiful expression, were pale and lifeless, except when they had a hungry, almost cruel look. His face seemed shrunken and rather insigificant, whereas I remembered it as broad-browed and noble (people used to turn round to look at him in the streets in those days), and his whole appearance was more that of a middle-aged man of rather fast life than of a composer of poetic and distinctive talent.

We chatted of indifferent subjects, and now and then the old Geoffrey flashed out, and I thought I saw a mask fall from his face. But it was only for an instant, and then I again had before me the weary man of the world, courteous, cold and without illusions. It struck me as rather strange that he passed over all inquiries as to his present work, and turned off all allusions to his fame as a composer of popular songs. I was not to be put off, however, and after repeated efforts I actually cornered him by asking why he had taken to writing such things as the composition I held in my hand. I could have bitten my tongue out directly I saw the effect of my question. He got up trembling with nervous irritation, and snatching the song from my hand tore the sheet of music in half and stamped violently on the fragments.

"Can't you see what has happened?" he exclaimed, turning suddenly round on his heel to face me, his eyes being as those of a hunted animal. "Can't you see I have sold all the talent I possess for gold—to be rich—to live in ease? You despise me; why don't you say so frankly? They all despise me, all the people for whose opinion I care a straw. But they don't know—they can't know. Forgive me, old fellow," he suddenly interposed. "I am not well—nervous—we won't talk of myself; let us change the subject."

He became calmer as we chatted away, but all the while he looked thoughtfully at me, as if he were turning over something in his mind. At last he jumped up again and broke out, speaking so spasmodically that I could hardly follow him:

"Look here, Jack, I am going to tell you everything. We were friends once. I had no secrets from you; I won't have now. You remember I took a temporary organistship in the country just after you left for Africa. Well, it was there it happened. The vicar was an old fool. He was music mad. He had a daughter. It doesn't matter about names. She thought she could compose [he smiled a peculiar ghastly smile]. I called on them, of course. Got to know them. There every day. Would I see her compositions and teach her? Fancy, teach *her!* The old fool; criminal! Well, I taught her. Good Lord, man, can't you guess the rest?"

Then, after several turns up and down the room, he sank into a chair, and putting his hands on my knees went on with even more excitement: "Well, I taught her. The composition was pretty but full of faults—nothing correct from the first bar to the last. Every day for three weeks I taught her—close to her—could feel her breath on my cheek, and sometimes a stray curl of hers would brush against my face. Then we became friends; walked out together; talked together; played tennis together; duets together; always together. And the old fool of a father smiled amiably and was contented so long as he could keep me to gossip at night about confounded old operas that I hated but had to like for her sake. What? Of course there was no mother alive; you might have guessed that. Then I could see her at every service in the church. God knows how I played. I don't. Well, the composition got itself finished; it was really good in the end" [this with a curious touch of artistic pride that lighted up his drawn and twisted face]. "The end came. The regular organist was expected back. Did I speak to her? How could I? I was not making more than a hundred a year. Besides, the old parson in asking me to teach her put me on my honor, and I believe he knew it. No; I didn't speak. Just before I said good-by she gave me the manuscript of her composition. I said it was hers, but she said, 'Oh, no, it belongs to you. My little tune has grown into a beautiful song. All there is in it is *you*. You made it—I should like a copy when it is published.' The words don't convey much to you, but I thought I read something in her eyes and in the tone of her voice. And I was an honorable fool not to find out for certain there and then."

He paused for a moment, and his face became finer as his thoughts went back to the woman he loved. In a moment he was all bitterness again. "Well, I came back to London, meaning to make money and then to ask her. I could do it then. I determined to write a popular song. I wrote several; they were not taken. At last, in six months' time, I made a hit—with the worst of the lot. And the very post that brought me the check also brought me an invitation to her wedding. To whom? What does it matter? A man named Wetherbee, a rich young stock broker. She was engaged to him all the while, I suppose, and was only amusing herself with me. She did not care—ah, no, God bless her, if she had known what it was to me—I wrong her. I can't help saying bitter things, but, thank heaven, I don't *feel* them about her. * * * Well, I found I could not draw back—from writing popular songs, I mean. They would take no others. What was the artistic success to me? I would be famous and rich. And so when it was no good to me I made heaps of money. I liked it at first, now I am chained to it; they will take nothing good of mine."

I knew better than to say anything, and in a few moments Geoffrey got up, and after opening a secret drawer in a bureau at the other end of the room sat down to the piano with a piece of manuscript paper.

"Here it is," said he. "I have never published it and never shall. It was my last inspiration," he added.

The song, even when sung by him, and he had no voice, was exceedingly beautiful and simple. It would have made his name if he had written nothing else. After he had played it through twice he got up from the piano and came over to me. "I had another reason in telling you," said he. "I met her the other day quite casually at a dinner party. She was very friendly, but evidently I was quite mistaken, or at any rate it is all so long ago that it has quite passed from her mind. She asked me to her next at home, and has sent me a card. Now, I want you to learn the song and sing it there. I will accompany you. It is a wish of mine, old chap, so you won't mind. Oh, your voice is all right; better than mine. Besides, I could not sing *that*."

* * * * * * * * *

I had my own ideas about Ormeroyd. I believe the love business was quite a delusion with him. After fifteen years it was absurd, and I came to the conclusion he was bitterly disappointed with his artistic career. However, I learned the song, and sang it rather well. He accompanied very badly. Mrs. Wetherbee, who was standing not far from me, started when she heard the opening bars, and looked troubled, as if trying to remember something. Then she looked down for the rest of the song and did not move until the applause told her it was finished. Ormeroyd could not see her. He disappeared from the room, after looking keenly at her—just too late, of course. Afterward she came up to me.

"Thank you so much for singing, Mr. ——. I remember that song so well. Mr. Ormeroyd composed it when he stayed with my father many years ago. He said it was my composition, but it was his. If you see Mr. Ormeroyd will you tell him I remembered it and was so pleased to hear it again." Of course I promised.

Outside the house I found Ormeroyd, or rather he pounced upon me.

"You see, I was right. She never cared for me. If she had she would have remembered that song, wouldn't she?" I suggested that fifteen years was rather a long time. "You have not been in love," was all he replied. He did not speak of the thing again to me that night, except to say, half to himself, "Things are best as they are, after all. She did not care for me." I have never told him what she said nor how she looked. What would be the good? As he himself said, "Things are best as they are."—*D. I., in Musical Standard.*

Wagner Translations in Paris.—The decision was given August 5 by the French court, in the action raised by the heirs of the late Victor Wilder to oblige Mme. Cosima Wagner to make use of his translation of the libretti of Richard Wagner operas. The court has non-suited M. Wilder's heirs on the ground that Mme. Wagner has a legal right to use any translator she may choose for the rendering into French of her late husband's operas. There was nothing in M. Wilder's agreement to give him a monopoly of these translations.

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BERLIN, Juni 1896. CARL HALIR.

[*Translation.*]

Mr. ARTHUR ABELL has been my pupil for five years, and I recommend him highly as violin teacher, especially for those who wish to have instruction with me later on. CARL HALIR,

First Professor Berlin Royal High School and
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A Fish That Plays Piano.

(From the Morning Oregonian.)

TACOMA, Wash., Aug 9.

CAPTAIN GOODFIBER, of the British four-masted steel ship Goodpair, was in the city yesterday and showed a reporter of the *Oregonian* a copy of a San Francisco paper containing a story from Berkeley about a musical dog. "Now," said the captain, "I would like for you to come aboard my ship, where I will show you a freak that will put into the deepest shade the society musicale dog of Berkeley." The reporter accepted the captain's invitation, and accompanied him to his ship. As he entered the cabin he could hear some one playing in another cabin an instrument, the tone of which sounded like a piano, though the sound was somewhat softer and much sweeter than most pianos carried on shipboard. Whoever was playing the instrument was indeed a finished artist, for the rapidity with which the keys were struck was something remarkable. The reporter was about to open the door leading into the music room, when Captain Goodfiber made a motion not to do so, and said: "Wait. Before you enter that cabin I wish you to stay where you are for a short time and listen to the music, of which later I will give you the history, for the moment the door opens the music will cease, and it may be some time before you will have another opportunity to hear such music as you will in the next fifteen or twenty minutes."

We stood outside the cabin for about half an hour and listened to the music, which never for a single moment ceased, and the range of airs was remarkable; some of them were masterpieces of the most classical order, while others were the popular and catchy tunes of the day, and the manner in which tunes such as Yankee Doodle, Dixie and Sousa marches were played would make a man 100 years old feel like dancing.

The captain was asked what he meant by saying that when the door opened the music would stop, and replied:

"I invited you aboard the Goodpair to show you the most remarkable freak of nature. So remarkable is it, in fact, that I am confident that if I were to go to any Eastern city and tell in public the story of what I have got in that cabin I would be immediately arrested on a charge of insanity. My reason for inviting you aboard before telling you more of my pet and its history is that I fear if I had told you on the dock you would have refused to come on board, thinking I was crazy, for when you enter that cabin you will be in the presence of the most wonderful musician in the universe."

As he ceased speaking he opened the door of the cabin, and instantly, as he had predicted, the music stopped and the reporter entered the elegantly furnished room and looked all over it, but saw no sign of the musician. The captain called his attention to a large aquarium in the middle of the cabin, in which was swimming a large peculiar shaped fish, but, as the water was very murky, nothing could be seen very clearly. The captain called "Tie-Tae-Toe," and a large strangely shaped fish leaped out of the aquarium on to a pile of rocks placed in a large box near the tank. On the captain holding over his head a piece of cheese, the fish began to leap for it. The captain was asked to explain the mystery of the music, and for him to bring forth the musician. Pointing to the fish lying on the rocks, he said:

"There he is."

"What?"

"Yes, there is the creature that produced those exquisite strains of harmony you heard."

Captain Goodfiber left the cabin for a few minutes, and when he returned he held in his hand a larger piece of cheese and a bright red sash, about 7 feet long and 6 inches wide.

These, he explained, were the bribes sometimes successfully used to make "Tie" play before company, for, as the captain explained, it was one of the strange peculiarities of his pet that it would seldom play before company, and any attempt to force it only added to its determination not to play. The captain called the reporter to the opposite side of the cabin and showed him a 7¼ octave piano, the keys being made less than half the size of the standard make. This piano was made in Bombay, and cost £200.

"I see he is going to play, so do not make any noise, for if you do he will stop and nothing I can do then will get him to play again to-day," the captain said.

Then this strange creature jumped on the piano stool, and instantly its many fingers began flying over the keys at lightning speed. The opening piece represented a storm at sea, and so true to nature was it that by shutting your eyes you could easily imagine you were at sea during a storm of furious violence, so perfectly did the instrument reproduce the sounds. You could distinctly hear the wind whistle through the rigging, and the creaking and groaning of the masts and yards of a heavily loaded ship, as she rolled in the trough of an extra heavy sea. Every moment you could catch the peculiar sound produced by the brace blocks and braces coming in contact with the standing rigging, and the manner in which the sound of taking a heavy sea aboard was imitated was marvelous beyond description, and was enough to make a landsman seasick.

Instantly the music was changed to Nearer, My God, to Thee, and as quickly again did it change to Paradise Alley; then followed the Wedding March, after which came a jumble of musical sounds composed of a few bars each of about every popular song going. Before one could grasp the idea the music was over and "Tie" bounded off the stool and into his tank.

Captain Goodfiber described "Tie's" capture as follows:

"An Englishman named Esherman caught him while net fishing near the village of Jatnapatam in the Polk Straits off the Bay of Bengal, India. Mr. Esherman was taken with his peculiar construction and his beautiful color, so he decided to make him one of his happy family. He took it in a barrel to his bungalow, and in a very short time it became very tame, and its owner became quite attached to it, and it was given the freedom of the bungalow.

"In the bungalow was a piano belonging to Esherman's wife and daughter, who at this time were visiting in Madras, so that for nearly a year the instrument was never played on. On his daughter's return about the first thing she did was to open the piano and run her fingers lightly over the keyboard.

"'Tie,' who at this time lay sleeping on a rug outside the bungalow, uttered a peculiar sound and rushed into the room and began to cut up all kinds of capers, and the faster the young lady played the faster 'Tie' danced.

"When Miss Esherman got off the piano stool the most remarkable thing occurred. She had scarcely moved before 'Tie' jumped on the stool and began striking the keys, producing the self-same sounds the young lady had only a few minutes before. Their astonishment at such a sight made them speechless, and for a long time the strange musician held them spellbound. It did not take the Eshermans long after the above episode to discover that 'Tie' would reproduce any sound it heard on the piano.

"Esherman told me that when he was in Europe he once heard Blind Tom, and he says that 'Tie-Tae-Toe's' and Tom's playing are similar, as both produce only sounds they have heard, and the Hindoo native servants worshiped him, as they believed that the reincarnated spirit of some great musician was imprisoned in the animal's body.

"I paid $25,000 to Mr. Esherman for 'Tie,'" said Captain Goodfiber, "and am going to take him to England for exhibition purposes. I leave the ship here, having commissioned my chief officer as master to take the Goodpair home."

"Tie-Tae-Toe" slightly resembles the amphiuma of the China and Japan seas, and, like them, he is amphibious, but while the amphiuma is of a deep gray color, "Tie" has an olive green back, with four bright scarlet streaks running down both sides from his head to his tail, and his stomach is of a very beautiful pale orange color. The head of this wonderful animal is similar to that of the hair seal of the North Atlantic, with the addition that it has very thick prehensile lips and a tongue, that is snake-like, constantly in action. He measures 4 feet 2 inches long, and will girth about 20 inches at the thickest part of his body. He has four legs—or call them two arms and two legs, for there is a whole world of difference between the arms and the legs. There are only two toes on each hind foot and they are webbed, while the forearms are both long and slender, and on each hand there are seven human-shaped fingers, each capable of independent action. The arms, from the body to the finger tips, measure 15½ inches, and they have four joints, including the shoulder joint. It is, without doubt, on account of the great number of fingers and joints that its arm and hand movements are so lightning-like.

It is possessed of a pair of eyes, set solidly into the head, of a soft grayish color, the look of which is more than human.

"Tie" was put on a pair of scales and weighed 92 pounds. His food consists of almost anything, from fish to mince pie, but cheese is his favorite dish, as red is his favorite color, and for those two things he will do almost anything.

"Now you must excuse me," said the captain, after handling "Tie" while he made the above explanation, "but I will have to put him away, as I can take no risks with such a valuable animal, and it is time he retired for a rest.

"I wish you would say this for me, that on my way to England I am going by way of Portland, and, if I can make provisions for the safe keeping of my pet, I may stop over a couple of days and give an exhibition to your citizens of the only musical fish in the world."

Rubinstein Memoirs.—Rubinstein left a voluminous work, containing not only his opinions on musical subjects but also reminiscences of the more important events in his life. It consists of aphorisms and brief accounts of his experiences.

Inez Grenelli.— Miss Inez Grenelli, the concert and oratorio soprano, is visiting at Newton Centre, near Boston, and will on leaving there spend some time at Castlerock, Garrisons-on-Hudson.

Alida Varena.—At a late musical festival at Cape May Miss Alida Varena scored quite a success with a very distinguished audience. Miss A. Varena, we believe, contemplates teaching next winter in addition to her singing in public.

Geraldine Morgan.—At a very successful musicale given at the house of Major Wheeler, of Washington, at Bar Harbor, Me., Miss Geraldine Morgan performed Wieniawski's polonaise and legende, and Hungarian dances by Brahms-Joachim, and received warm applause. Miss Morgan expects that the concert she will give, with Walter Damrosch's kind assistance, will be very successful.

Fannie Hirsch.—Miss Fannie Hirsch, always a favorite in Richfield, sang with great success at a concert August 12, at the Spring House, and her popularity is unabated, as is evidenced by the flattering recognition she received.

The Richfield Springs *Daily* said of Miss Hirsch:

Miss Fannie Hirsch is always a favorite in Richfield, and she was welcomed with a warm cordiality which plainly bespoke the esteem and appreciation in which she is held. She was in surprisingly good voice, considering the fatigue incident to an all day's journey, without sufficient time for recuperation. Her two selections were well chosen, and were exceedingly well sung, especially the beautiful Promise of Life, by Cowen, which has attained such extraordinary popularity in England. Miss Hirsch is a valuable acquisition to the galaxy of artists whom the Spring House guests are for some time privileged to hear.

Maud Welch's Success.—Miss Maud Welch, contralto, gave a successful informal song recital at the United States Hotel, Saratoga, on August 11, delighting the audience with an excellent repertory.

Miss Welch, who sings at St. Augustine's, Brooklyn, has just been selected as leading contralto at the Synagogue, Eighty-second street and Amsterdam avenue, in place of Miss Catherine Bloodgood. She will be heard in concerts next season to a considerable extent.

Miss Welch is the guest at the United States Hotel of Dr. and Mrs. Hull, of Brooklyn.

Mme. d'Arona's Daughter.—The New York Sunday *Herald* of August 16 states that "Miss Maude Le Vinsen, daughter of the famous New York vocal teacher, Mme. Florenza d'Arona, is considered the belle of Narragansett Pier. She possesses a voice of rare purity and power, which has been conscientiously cultivated by her mother." She is to sing to-morrow night at a concert to be given in the ballroom of the Mathewson Hotel, and Mme. d'Arona's valuable assistance has also been obtained to insure the success of the undertaking.

Mme. Stone-Barton Engaged.— The announcement made some days ago that Mme. Blanche Stone-Barton would sing at the Worcester Music Festival is officially confirmed to-day. She will have the title part in Massenet's Eve, which she has sung many times with the greatest success. This work is assigned for Wednesday afternoon. Only one more artist remains to be engaged. Mme. Stone-Barton last sang at a Worcester festival in 1886, and since then has won many laurels on the other side of the Atlantic.

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Mendelssohn—A Critical Estimate.

H. HEATHCOTE STATHAM.

THAT Mendelssohn, as a composer, was immensely overrated in his lifetime, and for a considerable period after his death, in this country especially, is a proposition entirely undeniable. Indeed, the extent to which his genius and his importance in the art were exaggerated by English amateurs and musical critics thirty years ago would seem hardly credible to those of the younger generation at the present moment. That his style represented Beethoven and Bach rolled into one; that Elijah was a greater work than The Messiah, and distinguished especially by a much deeper religious fervor; that the Reformation Symphony was worthy to be classed with the Ninth Symphony, are among the opinions which I can remember to have read in print or heard in conversation. But I think it is equally undeniable that in the present mood of musical criticism and musical fashion he is just as much underrated. His reputation is paying the penalty for the exaggerated enthusiasm of the past in the exaggerated depreciation of the present generation. With the masses indeed he is still popular; but the essentially musical population in this country, having become conscious that their fathers had placed Mendelssohn on too lofty a pedestal, are now nervously anxious to evince their own critical orthodoxy and insight by going far to deny him any pedestal at all. The weaknesses of his style, which are unquestionable, are dwelt upon, to the forgetfulness of its equally unquestionable beauties. We are keenly conscious of his mannerisms, but we hear nothing about the mannerisms of Schubert, which are just as conspicuous, because Schubert is a fashion at present with musical critics, as Mendelssohn was thirty years ago. Presently people will discover that they have been greatly exaggerating Schubert, and then they will turn upon him, just as they have turned upon Mendelssohn.

In inviting the reader to consider dispassionately what is the real truth about Mendelssohn, let me say at once that I have never been among the Mendelssohn worshippers. In my early youth the altars to him were still in full flame, but my conscience is clear of having ever burned the required incense. I enjoyed his compositions then, I enjoy them now; some of them, certainly, not so much as in former days; some of them, perhaps, rather more. But I am not writing as a partisan; I am only desirous to urge that the tone of indifference and depreciation with which we often find Mendelssohn referred to at present is based on caprice and fashion rather than on a critical view of his work, and that it needs reconsideration. Whether he has a valid claim to that seat among the "great composers," the *dii majores*, formerly accorded to him by acclamation, is another question, which also may be considered here.

Before any musician can be generally and permanently accepted as a composer of the first order, worthy to sit with the few who occupy the highest range of niches in the musical Pantheon, he must, I think, satisfy the following requirements. He must have created a style of his own; he must command sufficient variety of expression, form and treatment, within the confines of that style, to escape from producing an impression of mannerism; he must show himself a master of technic and construction in his art, but in such sort that his science, and technical accomplishment, and attention to finish of form, should impress themselves on us, not as an end in themselves, but as the condition of the perfect artistic expression of the musical idea which is the central motive of the composition. Intensity of feeling, expressed through clumsy and ill-balanced musical form, has no more chance of permanent survival than highly finished form, which is only the expression of dry and commonplace ideas. And lastly, a great composer must have been what in the medical profession is called "a general practitioner"; he must have shown himself capable of understanding and handling all forms of musical composition. Gluck, who succeeded only in opera; Chopin, who could handle only piano music, and could not even instrument effectively the accompaniments to his own concertos—such composers, however great within their own lines, are only specialists, and cannot claim to stand among the world's great composers.

Now some of the most important of these qualifications Mendelssohn possessed in a high degree. No composer was ever more thoroughly a "general practitioner" than he was. Oratorio, church cantata and psalm, symphony, concerto, string quartet, concerted music for strings and piano, vocal part-writing, songs for single voice—all these he dealt with, and seemed equally at home in all of them. Whatever opinion may be held as to the absolute value of his music, it is impossible to say that he was relatively weak in any of the numerous classes of composition which he took in hand: he was a thoroughly all-round composer.[1]

(1) At the time when the above was written (some months ago) I had not read Dr. Parry's Art of Music, where I am glad to find the same opinion expressed as to the versatility of Mendelssohn's genius.

That he made his own style, again, cannot possibly be denied; his own generation ratified that claim by such a dose of the flattery of imitation as few composers have been honored with, and with the same kind of result as that indicated in Tennyson's trenchant words—

> Now most can raise the flowers,
> For all have got the seed;
> And now again the people
> Call it but a weed.

His early compositions, like those of other young composers, are, of course, deficient in originality; his first symphony is a very colorless work; his early opera, Camacho's Wedding, seems like a weak imitation of Mozart. But the overture to the Midsummer Night's Dream was unquestionably, at the time it appeared, something absolutely new in feeling and style, and, considering that it was written at the age of seventeen, his genius may really be said to have come to maturity earlier than that of many other eminent composers. His style was completely fixed in this early composition, which has as distinctly the Mendelssohnian quality as anything that succeeded it, and which, for originality, poetic feeling and unity and balance of form and design, the composer indeed hardly surpassed in any subsequent instrumental composition.

If we take for a moment a comprehensive mental survey of the whole mass of Mendelssonn's contributions to the art of music, how can we summarize the characteristics of this Mendelssohnian style, thus early matured? We shall recognize, I think, in his instrumental music, a pervading element of poetic fancy and feeling, always suggestive, nearly always beautiful—seldom indeed is Mendelssohn dry, crabbed or merely scholastic—but with the drawback that the range of feeling and expression seems limited; we feel as if listening to a poet who is frequently recurring to the same idea expressed in slightly different language. And this mannerism of the imagination, as one may call it, is accompanied (not unnaturally) by a mannerism in details of musical form and treatment, some of which we may note more particularly just now. Such mannerisms impress us more, perhaps, partly on account of what is in one sense a merit of Mendelssohnian style, viz., a general breadth and massiveness of treatment, in which, however, there is rather a deficiency of characteristic detail. It was urged by one of Mendelssohn's warmest allies among musical critics,[2] that Mozart had his favor-

(2) The late H. F. Chorley.

ite turns of modulation and his favorite forms of close and cadence, as strongly marked and as peculiarly his own as any of Mendelssohn's mannerisms. This is perhaps true in a sense, but the fact is masked, in the case of Mozart, by the clear and strongly defined outline of his music, and its far greater variety of design in detail. We can discern in all Mendelssohn's compositions, of whatever class, a most conscientious attention to completeness and symmetry of form as regards the whole design of the piece, whether long or short. No Greek artist could have shown more refinement of perception in this respect than Mendelssohn. His smallest Song Without Words is a completely modeled composition, in which the balance and proportion of parts are studiously observed. On the other hand, in construction—the power, that is, of building up separate melodies or parts into a connected whole[1]—Mendelssohn was exceedingly deficient, as is very evident in his choral compositions, and his not very numerous fugues, vocal and instrumental. In his treatment of choral effects en masse he is always successful, often grand; but as soon as he comes to part writing, where each voice should contribute a separate feature to the design, his weakness is apparent, and his fugues or his passages of imitation are really little more than successions of chords, the component parts of which are broken up into a kind of semblance of part-writing. It is curious, too, that in his choral fugues he seems unable to make up even a clearly designed and effective subject for fugal treatment; the fugued choruses which form an orthodox close to Elijah, St. Paul, the Lobgesang, and the Forty-second Psalm, and others that might be mentioned, are founded on subjects which are little more than vocal ejaculations, without either dignity of form or balance of phrasing, or suggestion for effects of modulation. It may be urged that Mendelssohn regarded the fugue form of chorus as passé, as a form practically worked out; that would have been a reason for abandoning it, but not for writing weak and superficial choral fugues. What is remarkable is that while his instrumental fugues are mostly open to the same condemnation as the choral fugues, of being superficially handled *qud* fugues, and by no means models of that type of composition, they do not generally show the same poverty of subject. Nothing could be better of the kind than the subjects in the Three Preludes and Fugues for the Organ; they are not only excellent subjects for fugal treatment, but they are highly original musical ideas. Moreover, all these three fugues are effective to listen to, as compositions, though it must be admitted that the one in D minor is the only one of the three which is really a good example of sustained fugal composition, perhaps the only example among Mendelssohn's works;[2] the other two are only superficially treated. The fugue which closes the second Organ Sonata is also built on an admirable subject, and opens in a very promising manner, but the development of this again is superficial in style; it must be admitted that it is both agreeable to play and effective to listen to; still, it can never be quoted as a classic example for study. In the remark which he makes in one of his letters, speaking of a composition of his own which might be accused of resembling Bach's treatment of the same words, that "I am sure you do not think that I would merely copy his form without his substance," Mendelssohn curiously deceived himself. He was destined to fail in the opposite manner. One of the most reverent admirers of Bach, who did more than any other man to bring about the modern

1 "Construction" and "form" seem to be occasionally confounded with one another. In Sir G. Grove's rather too long and enthusiastic article on Mendelssohn in the Dictionary of Music (too long, that is to say, in proportion to the shorter articles devoted to greater composers), Mendelssohn's mastery of "construction" is insisted on; it should have been "form," otherwise the assertion is certainly not true. A composer may plan out a whole movement of a symphony with a perfectly satisfactory design in regard to balance and completeness of form, and relation of parts to the whole: but it may fail in permanent interest on account of the weak construction of the different features in themselves and in their relation to each other.

2 The fugue which forms one of the early "Characteristic Pieces" (op. 7) is too mere an academical work to be reckoned.

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study and appreciation of his works, Mendelssohn did now and then catch a good deal of the spirit of Bach, and reproduced it with a kind of modernized flavor. It was Bach's mastery in craftsmanship, his constructive power, that his modern worshipper failed to reproduce.

Two other characteristics, entirely admirable, seem to stand out prominently when we attempt to generalize the quality of Mendelssohn's work. One is, in his instrumental music, the nice perception which he displays of the quality and capabilities of each instrument, when employed singly, and of their effects in combination. No orchestral music ever written is better instrumented than Mendelssohn's, or more satisfactory to the ear in its mere balance of sound and timbre; he had the art of being sonorous without being noisy; he produced in softer passages a tone coloring often of exquisite beauty always in keeping with the sentiment of the music, and in many respects distinctly his own, at least at the time it was written. And in his passages for single instruments we always find a clear perception of what the instrument can best do, both in regard to expression and executive power; if there are one or two isolated passages for special instruments which are troublesome and ungrateful to the player, that is no more than what is to be found here and there in the works of every great instrumental composer; in general, the peculiar genius of each instrument is instinctively kept in mind. The other characteristic referred to, as being prominently recognizable in a general survey of his compositions, is the manner in which, in his vocal compositions, whether for solo or chorus, the expression of the feeling and intent of the words is obviously, and almost without exception, the composer's main object. He never introduces passages into his choruses or solos for the mere sake of vocalizing effect. There could hardly be found an instance of more perfect fitting of vocal music, in the form of a sustained air, to the expression of the words than in the great air, Hear ye, Israel, in Elijah; notice especially the rather rough and indignant turn given to the music at the words, "Say, who art thou?" and the sudden turn of tenderness at the words, "And forgettest the Lord." This may be said to be a little thing, but it is a stroke of real genius, introduced as it is without in the least breaking the continuity and unity of the whole composition, which keeps its stately and sustained style throughout. Certainly, Mendelssohn is not always at this level in his oratorio music; both choruses and airs are unequal, and many of the former are comparatively weak in style; but throughout them all, as well as in such things as the incidental music to the Antigone, or the interesting setting of the Te Deum and Jubilate for the English cathedral service, it is always apparent that the composer's aim is to express the feeling of the words as he received it; not neglecting artistic form, but making it subordinate to truth and expression.

Considering his works more in detail, it may be observed that a good deal of the special individuality of Mendelssohn's instrumental music consists in a peculiar power of conveying through music the sentiment of scenes in nature, but in a manner totally distinct from mere word painting, or what is now called "program music." His two leading symphonies, called the Italian and Scotch symphonies, are entirely occupied in giving, through music, the local color of the landscape and life of the two countries indicated, or perhaps we might rather say, the impression which they produced on the composer's imagination. The overture called The Hebrides is an example of the same kind; so, in fact, though not nominally, is the Midsummer Night's Dream overture, where the sentiment of the quiet moonlight is so exquisitely conveyed by the few slow chords for the wind instruments, bringing us at once into the scene for seeing fairy revels. This use of instrumental music for painting the moods and aspects of nature is not the most intellectual use of the art; it is apt to degenerate into a kind of sentimentalism in which the outer or superficial expression of the music is more thought of than its constructive framework; and in many of Mendelssohn's smaller compositions, such as the Gondola Songs which occur in the Lieder ohne Worte, it does thus degenerate, and compositions are produced which have, no doubt, a vivid suggestiveness of broken lights and rocking boats and voluptuous serenading music, but which soon tire us from their lack of innate musical interest. More or less, this sentimental taint is over a great proportion of Mendelssohn's instrumental music; the habit of attempting to translate into music the sentiment of scenes led to a predominance of sentiment over construction, even when there was no ostensible scene painting proposed. The fact is quite in keeping with his own admission of his difficulties on being asked to extemporize, when he had "nothing in his head but benches and cold fowl" (it was after a supper); his imagination required an external stimulus. Beethoven, as has been elsewhere observed, required, under similar circumstances, no stimulus but the feel of the keyboard under his hands; his sources of inspiration were within; and though he made his one great and successful production in "program music," his style was never in any way dominated by it afterward. Mendelssohn, on the other hand, had difficulty in getting away from this external influence, or piercing through it. In instrumental music he was at his best in such tone pictures as the symphonies, the Hebrides and Meerestille overtures, &c.; but at the same time it must be said that his tone painting is of the broadest and most poetic kind. He never falls for a moment into mere realism; he is much further from it, in fact, than Beethoven is in some parts of the Pastoral Symphony. There is a distant suggestion of the bagpipe in the quaint subject of the scherzo of the Scotch Symphony, given out by the oboe; but it is no imitation, it only suggests such a melody as might be suitable for a bagpipe, if the bagpipe were capable of giving voice to any melody at all in the strictly musical sense. Both the symphonies are remarkable for their beautiful finish and completeness in every detail, and for the spontaneous character of their leading themes. The closing movement in the major key of the Scotch Symphony alone impresses one, perhaps, as being a little forced and artificial; but all the rest is inspiration. The fresh buoyant theme with which the Italian Symphony leads off is one of those haunting melodies which once heard never leaves the brain; which one finds oneself singing, at a moment when life seems happier than usual, as a natural expression of joyous feeling, without remembering where it came from. The allegretto from the same symphony is certainly one of the most purely beautiful movements in the whole range of instrumental music. We may admit that neither symphony touches the deeper chords of the human heart; we may find the saltarello of the Italian Symphony rather "harmless," in comparison with more recent efforts in piquant and characteristic music; we may feel that there is greater power in some more recent symphonies; but can it be said, after all, that any symphonies have been produced, since Beethoven, which are so remarkable for spontaneous melodic beauty and for perfect artistic finish as these two of Mendelssohn's?

The Hebrides overture is perhaps his greatest instrumental composition, for, with all the spontaneity and musical finish of the symphonies, it has a broader and grander style and more intensity of expression, and really merits the epithet "great." Much has been said, and truly, of the pathetic and haunting beauty of the second subject in Schubert's B minor symphony, but the second subject of the Hebrides overture may fully dispute the palm with it. Mendelssohn was, in general, very happy in the "second subjects" of his large compositions; this is apparent in the first movements of both the symphonies; and the second subject of the Ruy Blas overture (a composition I am not very fond of as a whole) is a little bit of rhythmic and melodic creation combined that is worthy of Beethoven, and might almost pass for his. No reference to Mendelssohn's orchestral music can be made without a word on the Wedding March, the full beauty of which cannot be realized without bearing in mind that it must be taken in connection with the Midsummer Night's Dream as the musical expression of that superb boast of Duke Theseus—

> But I will wed thee in another key,
> With pomp, with triumph and with reveling.

It is the precise expression of the promise of Theseus; a triumphant march for a triumphant wedding; sadly degraded to be the stock accompaniment of every parish church wedding where there is an organ, an instrument on which it is utterly misrepresented. There ought to be a tax on its performance, with the condition that it should only be performed by an orchestra. "What! that hackneyed thing?" Yes, reader; it is part of the business of criticism to get behind the hackneydom, and to think of the work as it would sound to us as if we heard it fresh. The Wedding March is one of the noblest marches ever written; and the coda, where the wedding joy seems at last to thrill the whole air in the pulsations of those long chains of shakes, is a stroke of real genius; never was there a happier application of a good though old-fashioned form of musical ornament. Indeed I should feel sorry for any man, even now, whose pulse did not beat quicker at a good performance of this march by a first-class orchestra; it has not become old to the present deponent, at all events.

Of Mendelssohn's compositions for the instrument on which, according to contemporary evidence, he was such a fine performer—an artist, but not an *artiste* (what a gulf separates the English and French form of the word as applied to musical executants!)—the principal one, the piano concerto in G minor, is, I think, underrated at present. It may be admitted that it is somewhat superficial in style, in which respect it has been contrasted with Schumann's concerto, which is, no doubt, more original and more powerful in its musical ideas; but it must be remembered that one object of a concerto is to bring out and exhibit to their fullest extent the special capabilities of the instrument; and in this respect Schumann, who wrote for the piano like a man whose fingers were all thumbs, is far behind Mendelssohn, whose delicate ornamental detail, in the slow movement especially, is admirable; the subject of the finale, too, is singularly bright and taking, though some parts of the treatment are rather commonplace. Still, though Schumann's may be the better music, Mendelssohn's is the better piano concerto. It was unfortunate that he wrote a second piano concerto, which only served to show that he had no more to say in this form of music, and repeated the mannerisms of the first in a weaker form. The composer's mannerisms are more apparent in his piano compositions than in any other branch of his music. He always handled the instrument admirably as regards its special properties, but he seems to have been unable to vary his figures and passages sufficiently, and the constant recurrence of arpeggios on the chord of the diminished seventh, and the device of melodies formed by the upper notes in rapid successions of chords, becomes sometimes a little irritating. Considering his success in symphony writing, it is curious that his piano sonatas in the orthodox form are prominent failures. His successes in piano writing, besides the con certo, are to be found in the detached shorter pieces—the capriccio for piano and orchestra, the various rondos and other pieces for piano solo, all of which are bright and effective, pleasant both to player and hearer, though with rather too much sameness of manner. The Variations

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Sérieuses stands on a different level, and is a noble work, evidently suggested by Beethoven's C minor variations, but in no sense a plagiarism, even in general form, and perhaps a work more musically interesting than Beethoven's, though not such a finished study in piano form and treatment.

The Violin Concerto is a work of which one can speak without any reservations. The practical homage paid to it by one great violinist after another has stamped it as the finest and most important work of its class since Beethoven's violin concerto. Perhaps partly because he was not himself a violin player, and therefore had formed an special handling of his own, Mendelssohn's mannerism is much less obtrusive here than in his piano works; the subjects of all the movements are beautiful and spontaneous, taking the ear at first hearing; and, like the piano concerto, the composition is admirable from the concerto point of view, showing off the powers of both performer and instrument to the greatest advantage. In concerted chamber music, in which strings are employed along with the piano, Mendelssohn is also seen (or heard) at his best. He had always an instinctive sympathy for the violoncello, employing its rich penetrating tones with great effect in his orchestral compositions; and his duet sonata in B flat for piano and violoncello is a work of the first order, full of broad melody, and in which the two instruments are admirably combined and contrasted. His two trios for piano, violin and violoncello, compositions on the largest scale and characterized by great breadth and grandeur of style, must certainly, I think, like the violin concerto, be ranked as the finest works of their class since Beethoven; the finale of the D minor trio (the finer of the two, taken altogether) is marred, no doubt, by very pronounced Mendelssohnian mannerisms; but, on the other hand, what a broad style and what fine and characteristic treatment of the three instruments are displayed in the first movement, what a brilliant playfulness and glitter in the scherzo! This is a work that will always hold its place, and which is still listened to with respect even by those who affect a general contempt for or indifference to Mendelssohn.

Mendelssohn's sympathy for the organ and his perfect comprehension of the genius of the instrument are apparent over and over again in his letters; but his compositions for the organ are little known except to organ players (the instrument being such an unfashionable one in this country), and therefore few of Mendelssohn's admirers or detractors are aware that in his first organ sonata he made two most important and suggestive innovations in the treatment of the instrument. In the third movement of this sonata he, for the first time, suggested the idea of giving a declamatory effect to organ music, by the introduction of passages of a recitative character alternating with harmonies on the full organ, with very grand and original effect; and in the finale of the same sonata he made an even bolder innovation by engrafting on the organ the brilliant effect of rapid arpeggio passages, formerly regarded as peculiar to the piano, but treating them in a manner which brings them entirely within the proper capabilities of the instrument, by writing them as what may be called "closed arpeggios," each note being held down as struck, till the arpeggio of the chord is complete; and as the organ sustains all sounds in their full power as long as the key is pressed, the effect of these passages on a large organ is exceedingly striking, sounding like a succession of tumultuous crescendos. The whole movement is full of brilliant effect, produced in such a manner as to be completely in keeping with the genius and mechanism of the instrument. The second and the fifth of the organ sonatas are also exceedingly beautiful and original compositions, introducing a new style of treatment of the instrument; they are among Mendelssohn's most meritorious works, and it is a pity they are not more popularly known. The preludes to the fugues in C minor and D minor (from the Three Preludes and Fugues for the Organ) are very fine and effective compositions of their class, combining the breadth and solidity of the old school of organ music with a certain modern fervor and brilliancy of style.

To estimate impartially the value of Mendelssohn's oratorios and sacred cantatas is rather difficult. There can be no doubt that his three principal compositions of this class—St. Paul, Elijah and the Hymn of Praise—have moved the hearts of the masses, in this country at all events, as they have been moved by no other oratorios since those of Händel; and this fact cannot be left out of consideration; for however little one may think of the critical judgment of the English public in music the hearts of a whole people are not stirred within them for nothing. The strength of these works seems to lie to a great extent in the genuine feeling for the spirit of the words, the genuine desire to express this in the music, which permeates them; the simplicity and directness of the musical expression—a quality in which Mendelssohn, in spite of his very different style, has something in common with Händel; and the real musical beauty of many of the movements, more especially among the solos and concerted pieces. The solo airs, If With All Your Hearts, Hear Ye, Israel, Woe Unto Them, It is Enough, O Rest in the Lord, and Then Shall the Righteous, all have the merit of being beautiful examples of writing for the voice, and true and sincere expressions of the feelings of the words. So also we may say of the duet and chorus in the Hymn of Praise, I Waited for the Lord, and the tenor solo, The Sorrows of Death; while in St. Paul the airs Jerusalem and Be Thou Faithful are perfect examples of musical and spiritual beauty combined. Not even Händel has realized the feeling of the words more exquisitely than in Be Thou Faithful, with its simple vocal phrases, its beautiful violoncello accompaniment and its unaffected earnestness of expression; the final phrase, as it used to be given out by Sims Reeves, seemed to go to one's heart, and I feel sure it came from the composer's heart. That is where Mendelssohn's strength lies in these works; he felt the words himself, and wherever it is a question of feeling by comparatively simple means he is eminently successful—indeed successful seems a cold word to use. We see this again in the contrast between the chorus of pagan worshippers in St. Paul—O Be Gracious, Ye Immortals—so charmingly and gracefully pagan, so delightfully Greek, and the opening of the chorus, O Great Is the Depth, where for the moment he is really sublime; the passage is worthy of Händel at his best; but as soon as it comes to the working out of the chorus Mendelssohn's weakness appears, and one can only sit through it in a spirit of perfunctory respect. So with the chorus in Elijah, Be Not Afraid. The opening, as an expression of confident and exulting faith, is splendid (I shall never forget the effect on my own feelings on hearing it for the first time), but the middle portion is as weak as water—anyone might have written it. In the Hymn of Praise, again, there is hardly a more poetic page in oratorio music than that accompanied recitative, Watchman, Will the Night Soon Pass?, answered by the pure tones of the unaccompanied soprano voice, like the first streak of the morning light, The Night Is Departing; but the effect is all spoiled by the impotently noisy chorus which follows, and it is only with the introduction of the chorale, Let All Men Praise the Lord, which is very finely treated, that we are brought up again to the higher level of feeling.

So again in Elijah it is almost melancholy to listen now to the chorus, Behold, God the Lord Passed By, once thought so sublime—the cheap sublime!, though the Sanctus which follows it is really fine. In short, Mendelssohn's oratorios abound in beauty and in musical and spiritual expressiveness in the solo parts and in many of the shorter choruses, but the construction of great sustained choral movements was beyond him, and he seems, unfortunately, to have been quite unconscious of this himself. It must be admitted, however, that the unity of design and feeling which characterizes his oratorios, and which is one of their merit, renders the weakness of the large choruses less conspicuous when we regard the work as a whole than when we consider the various movements separately.

The settings of some of the Psalms and the music to the Antigone and Œdipus of Sophocles show the composer again at his best, because here he was called on only to express feeling, situation and local color in short detached movements, and such a task was exactly suited to his genius. The incidental choruses in the Antigone are full of poetic beauty. The three Psalms which he set as unaccompanied eight-part choruses are among the finest of his minor choral compositions as far as style goes, because he was here under the happy necessity of depending on strict vocal part writing for his effect, and could not operate by letting the band rush about in scale passages, &c., and leaving the chorus to disconnected ejaculations. Athalia and the Walpurgis Night have the same kind of merits and weaknesses as the other choral works; both contain some of his most characteristic writing, and are worth hearing from time to time. But though "the bearded Druid, with the trombones sounding behind him, diverted" the composer "immensely" (according to one of his letters), he is somewhat disappointing to the hearer, who feels that the most has hardly been made of the subject. Possibly the writing in this case was too much of a mere recreation to the composer to prove very serious to the hearer.

(To be continued.)

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PERMANENCE OF EMPLOYMENT.

THE recently reported change of Charles Becht as traveling salesman from the Brambach Piano Company to the Smith & Barnes Piano Company leads to some reflections on the tenure of office among the men engaged with the leading firms of the trade in leading positions. While at first thought there appears a frequency of change, it will be found that the tenure in the important instances is an extended one on the great average. Becht himself has made few changes, going after a long employment with C. A. Smith & Co., now the Smith & Barnes concern, to the Pease Piano Company, then to Brambach, and now back again with the original employers—a compliment in itself. Moreover, many changes were made imperative by the changes of the firms theselves, not because of any fault due to the employés, or because of a remodeling or reorganization of a house; such, for instance, as was the case with Chickering & Sons. Mr. Mayer, who was with Albert Weber for a generation and then passed over to the Weber forces in Chicago, had charge of the Knabe branch in this city, where he would have remained indifinitely but for the reorganization of the Chickering house which offered a rare opening.

But the changes are not as numerous as they might appear at first glance. Mr. Tretbar has been with the Steinway house for more than 30 years, and Mr. Stetson ever since 1876, and both are now stockholders and members of the board of directors. Mr. Urchs, Mr. Cox and Mr. Sturtevant were all at Chickering's for varied periods, and have been for some years with Steinway & Sons, and their changes have been infrequent, while Kuehl, also in the warerooms, has been with the house about 16 years. Harry D. Low, Mr. Wm. Steinway's private secretary, has a record of over 21 years; J. H. Hempstead, of the office force, has been with the house 27 years, while Theodore Koven, the cashier, has been at the same desk for over 40 years. Geilfuss at the time of his death had a 37 years' record with Steinway & Sons, and Stoddart at the time of his demise had been about 40 years with Wm. Knabe & Co., Baltimore.

Howard has made few changes, considering the long period from the time he was with D. H. Baldwin & Co., then with Chickering and subsequently with Scanlan, whence he took the Fischer engagement, where he appears to be a fixture. Conway and Cone have constituted the inner mechanism of the Kimball house for a score of years, and are now the company with Kimball, while Major Howes, after a long period with Chickering, joined the Hallet & Davis forces many years ago. Old Ambuhl was 14 years with Chickering before he separated from those forces to join Steinway; he then took a limited engagement with Behning & Son and returned to Chickering. Chandler W. Smith was about 25 years with Chickering & Sons, from whose establishment many capable men were graduated. Harry O. Brown, with THE MUSICAL COURIER since 1888, was with Chickering & Sons for eight years preceding.

Felix Kraemer, for a number of years now with Kranich & Bach, was with Steinway & Sons 14 years, and 14 years before that with Wm. Knabe & Co.—surely a fine record. We have no idea how long Fahr and Reichman have been with Sohmer—probably 20 years—and both are now partners of the house. Payson was with Miller many years, and has been with the Emerson Piano Co. a dozen years on a stretch. Mr. Thomas was with the Estey Boston branch for years, and has been with Ivers & Pond Piano Company at least ten years. We have no idea how long Mr. Ed. Smith has been with the W. W. Kimball Co., but it must be about a generation. So is Bartlett; so is Atlanta Smith. Mr. Price in many years made but one change—from Kimball to Chicago Cottage—and Teeple has been with the latter concern for years past.

Caldwell has been at Story & Clark's since the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem or longer, and at a glance it looks as if Mr. Hawley went with the Esteys at about the time the Battle of Bennington was fought, and he looks like a young man yet. J. R. Mason joined the Sterling forces a dozen years ago, and has been thoroughly identified with the period of success of that firm. Lon Dinsmore joined Scanlan about 1883, and has been with him since that date. Illidge, who parted about eight years ago from Sterling, has ever since then been with Scanlan.

These constitute long periods of association. The younger members of the Lyon & Healy firm and of the Baldwin house, who have been identified with their respective houses from the time of their youth, are all members of these houses and are middle-aged men now. Their tenure of office constitutes an unbroken record. O'Neil has been with the Jesse French Company uninterruptedly for 12 years or so. Before that he traveled for Briggs. Furbush was with Vose & Sons ten years, and after a short hiatus returned to the old house. Williams and Brown have been with the Oliver Ditson Company from boyhood. Little Taylor has been with the Pease Piano Company since its organization, and Fred Lohr made but one change, and that was about a dozen years ago, from Behning & Son to Hardman, Peck & Co., where he has been a most valuable man ever since.

It will be seen that when once we go into the analysis of this thing we will find changes of valuable men very rare. At Mason & Hamlin's Mr. Holyer has been over 30 years, Foucar and Charley Lewis about a quarter of a century each, and Mr. Trowbridge and Mr. Bassford went with the firm when the Bunker Hill monument was completed. Mr. Norris, who has been with the house for some years, was before then with Lyon & Healy for some years, and prior to that with the Chicago Cottage—but Norris is still a mere infant, although he has a big record.

Pfafflin has been buffeted about because of circumstances beyond his control. From Lewis & Newell's and the Chicago Cottage he went with Lyon, Potter & Co., then with Chickering, then with Wm. Knabe & Co., then with Smith & Nixon and now back with Chickering, another compliment. Dieckman went with Decker Brothers, and never made a change in all the years he has been with them. Crosby was with the New England Organ Company about ten years; then he took an engagement about eight years ago with Brother Smith, of Bradbury Administration fame, and there he is. Such men as Powell, Van Wickle, Hawxhurst and Holmes, who have been with the same famous piano man for years, constitute a living testimony of more value to him than anything he can say or advertise about himself. They prove that he knows how to select the right men and that he understands how to hold them. Frank King has been a good many years with Wissner now. Mr. Endicott has been with Chickerings about 30 years or more, and the librarian of that firm at the factory has been in their steady employ ever since 1827—Hallidan is his name—*nearly 70 years* with one house. He is at his post every day. We believe this is the greatest record in the United States.

There are many other instances. We merely present those that strike us spontaneously and without careful study, but they show that there are not many changes in our line of trade among the important employés.

S——L.

STENCIL; stencil away and ahead, gentlemen of the piano trade. There is nothing to be said about the stencil just now, except stencil. Stencil all the pianos you can get with stencil privileges. But be sure to put your own name on. Do not put any fancy titles on your pianos; use your own name; your firm name or your company name, but by all means stencil. The stencil is the thing. Everybody is stenciling and why should you not stencil?

Stencil till the air is blue or your nose is blue. Stencil the town red, or your hair red, or your whiskers. But, don't forget it, stencil.

Stencil your old squares provided you are sure the maker is dead, or kill him if he is not. Stencil your old and, certainly, stencil your new uprights. Stencil your dear, old store worn grands and the new ones—oh, just order a stencil with the maker before he ships it.

Stencil your wife, your babies, your notes. (Of course you've got to stencil them and your checks, too.) Stencil your signs. Take the names of all the legitimate and illegitimate makers off your signs, your windows, your billheads, your cards, and put your stencil on them. Advertise your stencil; advertise it.

Stencil your reputation, but stencil. Stencil your ballot next November with silver. Stencil your honor. Stencil yourself, but stencil. Last of all—stencil your stencil.

MR. HUGO SOHMER, who has been abroad for some time, will leave for this country on the Augusta Victoria, and is expected to arrive here on September 4.

WE consider the plant of the Lester Piano Company, of Philadelphia, one of the best in the East, and with the revival of trade this fact will become manifest in the piano line. See if it won't.

ALTOGETHER 15 piano manufacturing firms failed during the crisis and one house retired. Of the 15 that failed a number have continued either through settlements or by running pending arrangements with their creditors. Those that have closed permanently represent an annual output of about 10,000 pianos, about 12 per cent. of the total annual output.

AN aggressive campaign is to be shortly opened in Cincinnati, when Steinway & Sons will open new and extensive warerooms. Mr. Urchs, who has been in charge of the present store for some months, was in New York last week, and left yesterday after arranging for the shipment of the stock and having his leases ratified by the home office. The exact location of the new warerooms is not yet made public.

WE have in hand the latest catalogue from the Needham Piano and Organ Company, which will find its way into the trade in the very near future. This catalogue deals entirely with their new styles of pianos. It is typographically a work of art, and contains much valuable information for the dealer and purchasing public. A more extended review will be given in our next issue.

IF you saw A. H. Fischer enjoying himself at his country home, H. B. Fischer sitting cool and placid in the Fischer warerooms and "Bob" Howard scorching on Coney Island Boulevard these times, you would be convinced that the Fischer business goes on easily. That's exactly what it does. The machinery of the house is so well oiled that friction is almost impossible and business comes in large quantities through this organization. 100,000 pianos made—think of it. It proves success.

THE new scale Hazelton Brothers baby grand piano is out, and two specimens of them are to be seen in the warerooms of Hazelton Brothers. Mr. Samuel Hazelton points to them with calm pride. He is used to producing goods that connoisseurs admire, and to do anything good does not in itself stir Mr. Hazelton. Still, in spite of the years that Mr. Hazelton has been identified with successful pianos that are art works, he can congratulate himself on these baby grands. They are elegant, and at some future time a critical article regarding them will be published.

IF there were one piano trade association now in this country, consisting of one homogeneous mass of piano manufacturers of New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, and the smaller cities, without any extraneous elements, such as dealers, supply men, stool cover men, &c., in it—simply a National Piano Manufacturers' Association representing all parts of the country—it could issue a ukase on the financial question of the day which would necessarily have a great effect. Local associations, not being national but sectional, cannot do any effective work when national problems are to be surveyed.

A MAN who recently patented what he calls a new and revolutionizing invention in piano construction claims that he was offered $500,000 for it; of course, like a wise man, he refused it. What 's a half million dollars? When Bryan gets seated he can get a million dollars. He would be an idiot (if he isn't one already) to take $500,000.00 when there is a chance to get $1,000,000.00 after March 4, 1897. The invention will prove a perfect boon to musical mankind, while at the same time it will prove a boom, if not a boomerang, to him. The idea came to him overnight. He was asleep in bed when he thought he heard a tomcat howl, but it was only his own snoring. So in order not to be awakened again he stuffed the end of the pillow up his nasal proboscis. The tones softened at once, and a delightful legato also supervened in place of the broken passages of transition. Why not apply this to pianos? And straightway the born genius began to improvise. Soon the new invention was perfected, and now he is getting all the pianos he formerly sold back, and he must supply the whole earth with new ones embodying his invention. Even those in his store are worth nothing without that improvement. It must be so, because all his competitors are telling it to everybody. $500,000 for such a thing? Pooh!!

MR. FREDERICK T. STEINWAY has been named in some of the daily papers as among the directors of the defunct Murray Hill Bank. The truth of the matter is that, while Mr. Steinway was at one time connected with that unfortunate institution, he resigned several months ago, prior to making his recent trip to Europe.

THE affairs of Estey & Camp, Chicago, will probably be adjusted within the next two weeks. From the information we have it would seem as though E. N. Camp would be elected president, and William Carpenter Camp secretary and treasurer. Just what will be done with the Camp & Co. piano is not definitely known yet. It will be remembered that the manufacture of the Camp & Co. piano represented a joint interest between I. N. Camp, since deceased, and J. B. Simpson, of the Estey Piano Company. As yet there has been no conference between Mr. Simpson and the heirs of I. N. Camp, and it must be known that the death of the partner Camp terminated the partnership agreement with Mr. Simpson. It is, however, probable that the Camp & Co. piano will be made, and that a corporation will be formed.

MR. KARL FINK notified a representative of this paper that it was his purpose to start on Tuesday, August 25, for an extended trip West, the ultimate outcome of which is a visit to the Yellowstone Park. Mr. Fink does not state how long he will remain away. Mr. Fink's comings and goings must always be taken with a large grain of consideration, because many times he anticipates going, but unforeseen circumstances present an obstacle which compels staying instead; and, again, he has been known to stay when the news of his departure was disseminated far and wide. So, when Mr. Fink—Karl Fink—actually lands himself aboard the Chicago limited, and remains away for two or three weeks, and returns with a countenance bronzed by exposure and an effervescent flow of wildcat tales and buffalo hunts, then, and not till then, will it be safe to chronicle as an actual fact that Karl Fink has visited the Yellowstone Park.

ALL sorts of rumors are afloat concerning the process of settlement of the affairs of A. D. Coe, of Cleveland. Mr. Coe has declared that he will never go again into the piano business—a statement which is a trifle too previous, for from all appearances he will have plenty to occupy his mind in first getting out of it before making such rash resolutions. The claims of the Brown & Simpson Company and the Colby Piano Company that Coe knew he was insolvent at the time he contracted for and accepted their shipments are now being aired in the courts, and it looks as though Coe will get the worst of it.

So far as we can learn from the daily papers of Cleveland it would appear that the entire claims of the defunct firm of Smith & Nixon against Coe is, to say the least, open to question, while it is publicly stated that instead of being indebted to Smith & Nixon Coe is a creditor of that house, and has received payments from them during the past 30 days. Altogether the affair is too mixed up to relate. When the courts have untangled it the record will be published in these columns.

MR. WM. STEINWAY, who is taking the bath cure at Richfield Springs, writes to his office that he has already much improved in health and that he expects to return about September 8.

WELL, the Boy Ore eater has come and went, and so far as the records show there was not a piano man present, either at the Madison Square Garden where he read what other people say, or at the subsequent meeting at the Wind-sore Hotel.

THE fall Lindeman piano promises to surpass anything that the Lindemans have as yet turned out. Always seeking to improve their goods, the Lindemans have been busy this summer perfecting cases, styles, &c., so that when trade opens in the fall they may be in the enviable position to offer to dealers just what will be sellers.

THE meeting of the Everett Piano Company and of the Harvard Piano Company, held in Boston last week, resulted in the re-election of Mr. Frank A. Lee as president of both companies, and Mr. G. H. Cummings as secretary and treasurer of both companies.

The directors of the Everett Piano Company remain Frank A. Lee, E. V. Church, A. Howard Hinkle, Edward Lawson and G. H. Cummings, while Messrs. Lee, Church and Cummings are also directors of the Harvard Piano Company.

THE other day a Western manufacturer was talking about different pianos. He was also asking questions. Naturally his queries were prompted by what he had read and heard. One of the first pianos asked about was the Wissner. He had never examined it, but has doubtless done so by this time, his curiosity being accentuated by what he had heard and what he had read about it. This proves that Wissner knows how to make himself known. Another thing, where Wissner has made his piano known it sticks—that's the test of merit.

By Wire from Chicago.

CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
226 Wabash Avenue, August 18, 1896.
3 P. M.

THE factory of the Russell Piano Company is in possession of the sheriff. H.

In Town.

AMONG the trade visitors who have been in New York the past week and among those who called at the office of THE MUSICAL COURIER were:

E. E. Walters, Chicago Cottage Organ Company, Chicago, Ill.

Herman Leonard, Alfred Dolge & Son, New York.

T. P. Brown, Brown & Simpson Company, Worcester, Mass.

H. A. Vosseller, B. Dreher's Sons Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

R. W. Blake, Sterling Company, Derby, Conn.

I. D. Pouder, Lexington, Ky.

H. S. Davis, L. B. Powell & Co., Scranton, Pa.

M. Fuller, D. H. Baldwin & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

John A. Norris, Mason & Hamlin Company, Boston, Mass.

A. M. Shuey, Minneapolis, Minn.

H. C. Jupp, Port-au-Prince, Hayti.

Messrs. Vaughn & Tanner, the Mason & Hamlin agents in Detroit, Mich., have moved to larger quarters on the ground floor in the same building.

A FIRST-CLASS retail piano salesman capable of managing a business will be open for engagement September 1; record and references given by addressing Piano Salesman, care THE MUSICAL COURIER, New York.

FACTORIES.

THE BALDWIN PIANO,
GILBERT AVENUE, CINCINNATI.

THE ELLINGTON PIANO,
BAYMELLER AND POPLAR STS., CINCINNATI.

THE VALLEY GEM PIANO,
BAYMELLER ST., CINCINNATI.

THE HAMILTON ORGAN,
HENRY STREET, CHICAGO.



CATALOGUES FURNISHED UPON APPLICATION.



CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
236 Wabash Avenue, August 15, 1896.

WHAT can one say? Can we say business is dull? You all know it. Shall we speak of the failed houses? There is nothing to be said, nothing has been done except that they have failed and are at work trying to settle their matters. In the way of criticism all that can be said with any regard for decency is that they did too much business for the amount of capital they had, and perhaps even under these circumstances things would have turned out differently if it had not been for the present stringency.

Cowbells.

A man took his little daughter into one of our prominent music stores, and after deciding on a certain make of piano, one of which contained a mandolin attachment, asked her which one she would like to have, to which she replied: "Take the one with the cowbells."

Smith & Barnes.

Mr. C. A. Smith is away on a pleasure trip, and will not return until he is thoroughly satiated. He is with a party of intimate friends somewhere in the wilds of northern Michigan, far removed from business cares. The word cares does not apply to Mr. Smith or to the firm. There is never a sign of any business anxiety with this house, anyway. They are simply working along, selling what pianos they have orders for from good parties, and preparing themselves for the future, which they feel confident cannot in any event prove worse than now.

The engagement of Mr. Charles Becht as their Eastern representative was no doubt a good move. Mr. Becht has a host of personal friends throughout the country, to whom he can sell goods, and in the Smith & Barnes piano he has the three requisites with which to make sales, and these are quality, price and quantity. Mr. W. A. Dodge will have charge of the Western territory; he is also a good man, and with returning prosperity Smith & Barnes will be fully equipped at all points to meet competition. They have capital, one of the finest plants in the country, an elegant variety of styles, the men to do the work, the salesmen to dispose of the goods, and one of the wisest captains at the helm that ever commanded a ship, to follow out the simile.

Story & Clark.

Mr. E. H. Story is again at the helm and Mr. Melville Clark is off on an unlimited pleasure trip and is at present at Old Orchard Beach, Me. The Story & Clark concerns are temporarily reducing their product in anticipation of they know not what, but in spite of the fact that they are not soliciting trade orders continue to be received and goods continue to be shipped. Both Mr. Story and Mr. Clark are gold men, and they believe every man in their employ is also a sound money man and will vote accordingly.

The Twin City Failures.

Much sympathy is expressed in this city for Mr. R. C. Munger. He was one of the oldest dealers in St. Paul, Minn., and was supposed to be a well to do man.

In relation to the assets and liabilities of Messrs. A. H. Castle & Co. and Mr. Munger nothing has been learned here. They are undoubtedly limited, as neither concern was given credit for doing any great amount of business.

Personals.

Mr. Chris. Steger, the oldest son and right-hand man of Mr. J. V. Steger, has gone East. On his way he stopped at Detroit, Buffalo and Albany, and will visit New York, Boston and Philadelphia before returning.

Mr. Louis Dederick is again at his post after a prolonged absence. The Manufacturers Piano Company, of which Mr. Dederick is the receiver, is only waiting for the return of its attorney from a trip abroad, when action will be taken which will be agreeable to those interested.

The M. Steinert & Sons Co., the great New England firm of piano dealers, has recently taken the BRAUMULLER PIANO for its extensive territory.

The Jesse French Piano and Organ Co., the great Southwestern piano house has sold the BRAUMULLER PIANO for years and recommends them. What is satisfactory to such leading concerns should be to any dealer. Call on us and examine the

BRAUMULLER,

402-410 West 14th Street,
New York City.

Current Chat and Changes.

W. S. Stansfield has opened warerooms in Houston, Tex.

* * *

A chattel mortgage for $250 against G. W. Harbaugh, Beloit, Kan., is reported.

* * *

F. F. Hubbell, Ashland, Wis., has given a chattel mortgage for $1,242.

* * *

Helfrich & Son, Hooper, Neb., have given a chattel mortgage for $1,150.

* * *

H. B. Tremaine, of the Æolian Company, was in town last week. It will be remembered that Mr. Tremaine has been in bad health for some time and has been at White Lake, Sullivan County, N. Y., where he is spending the summer.

* * *

The J. G. Richards Company, Cleveland, Ohio, was incorporated August 6. Capital stock, $25,000; incorporators, J. G. Richards, D. F. Knight, T. G. Newton, C. S. Bently, J. E. Brooks.

* * *

The bogus music dealer and wife who came to Mt. Morris, giving the name of Frank Berts, and who skipped town leaving an unpaid board bill, the hotel keeper's wife minus a silk dress, and J. S. McNeilly lacking a horse and buggy, have been captured at Bradford, Pa. Sheriff O'Leary expected to return with his prisoners last night. The horse and buggy were found at Cuba; the horse died, however, from hard driving. A reward of $50 was offered for the capture of the couple on this charge, and the officers believe him to be guilty of stealing two horses at Niagara Falls, for the recovery of which property $250 reward has been offered.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Chronicle.*

* * *

Fred Medcalf has moved his business from New City, Conn., to Essex, Conn.

* * *

The roof of Frank H. Erd's piano factory at Saginaw, Mich., was blown off recently during a heavy storm.

* * *

Hall & Reed, East Greenwich, R. I., have dissolved partnership, Mr. Hall continuing the business, while his former partner, Mr. Reed, goes to Arctic Centre, R. I., to open a music store there.

* * *

Hagen & Ruefer, Peterborough, N. H., deny the report that they are to move their factories to New York.

* * *

F. R. Feehan, manager of F. G. Smith's Newark (N. J.) branch is away on a vacation, during which time he will visit Utica, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Chicago, returning by the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence River and the Atlantic Ocean to New York.

* * *

Jacobs & Conklin, Fort Wayne, Ind., have dissolved partnership, George Jacobs retiring, while Guy Conklin will continue the business.

* * *

Henry Ayer and Dr. Miller, Sunbury, Ia., have gone into partnership.

* * *

Chas. H. Hoffman, Clinton, Ia., has sold out to James Sheppard.

* * *

W. B. Judson, St. Louis, Mo., has given a mortgage to M. N. Capers for $1,300.

* * *

Thos. G. Burton & Co., Richmond, Va., are in the hands of receivers Harvey Wilson and Jas. W. Gordon.

* * *

The Riverside Bank has obtained a judgment for $2,060.55 against the Saalfield Publishing Company.

* * *

A deed for $2,250 is reported against Thomas Anderson, Elkhart, Ind.

* * *

W. C. Langston & Co. will be the new house in Dubuque, Ia., after September 1.

* * *

E. S. Wilson, Oshkosh, Wis., has purchased the interest of W. H. Smith in the concern of E. S. Wilson & Co., and will continue the business in his own name alone.

* * *

Mr. J. F. Bellois, Jr., who was for 15 years the head man in the business of the late Harry Coleman, Philadelphia, Pa., has started in business for himself at 305 North Ninth street, that city. Mr. Bellois is an orchestra musician, and has an extensive knowledge of band and orchestra publications. His long years in business in Philadelphia have given him an extensive acquaintance among musicians, which should prove of value in his new enterprise.

* * *

WINSTED, Conn., Aug. 14.—The Alvord & Spear Company, of Torrington, manufacturer of piano stools, is reported as having failed. The liabilities are placed at $25,000; assets unknown. Henry J. Allen, of Torrington, has been appointed receiver.

THE PROPER "AD."

EVERY dealer should insert this advertisement in his local papers:

NEW PIANOS OF ALL GRADES

ON INSTALMENTS. EASY PAYMENTS.

The cheapest we handle,	**$250**
" next grade,	**300**
" " "	**350**
" " "	**450**
" " "	**500**

See Higher Grades of Uprights and Grands from $500 to $2,000.

Second-hand Pianos at All Prices.

If you desire to learn why legitimate Pianos cannot be sold at retail for less than $250, and that any sold below that price are without merit or value, ask by mail THE MUSICAL COURIER, *19 Union Square, New York, the greatest musical paper in the world, and it will explain it to you without charge, if you send this advertisement in your letter.*

It is dignified; it is novel; its contents must necessarily attract attention and be productive of inquiry.

The name of the dealer can be inserted either at the top or bottom.

We first published it some months ago, and those dealers who adopted it are continuing it. Try it.

OBITUARY.

Thomas P. I. Magoun.

Thomas P. I. Magoun died recently in Bath, Me., aged 65. He was for 30 years a music dealer. Mr. Magoun leaves two children.

Wm. H. McGarry.

Wm. H. McGarry, Cincinnati, Ohio, died in that city August 8 of consumption.

John J. Arnold.

John J. Arnold, of this city, 61 years of age, having been a piano maker ever since his boyhood, succumbed to the heat last week. Mr. Arnold in his time worked in various piano factories.

Fritz Brennecke.

Fritz Brennecke, an instrument maker in the employ of the Benarys, died last week in the New York Hospital from the effects of an amputation of one of his legs. He was about 60 years old.

Edward Manigault.

Edward Manigault, Duluth, Minn., was overcome by the heat in New York last week and died. His remains were shipped to Duluth, where he was a piano salesman.

WHEN IN DOUBT

as to what Organ you need, order a

WEAVER STYLE LEADER.

Five or Six Octaves; Walnut or Oak

It will sell so quickly you won't need to study what to order next time.

Weaver Organ and Piano Co.

YORK, PA.

NOT POLITICS, BUT GOLD.

CHICAGO, August 14, 1896.

Dear Musical Courier:

IT will be noticed in my last communication, in which I injected a few paragraphs on the agitating silver question, that I distinctly disavowed political discussion and I can therefore not enter into any kind of political controversy with Mr. Joe B. Silas who gives me a terrible "going over" in your last issue because I do not agree with him on politics. I will not go into politics as politics. I will converse with Mr. Silas on silver or any abstract question, but I do not propose to come down to his level of mean personalities. I don't know the individual, and, judging from his letter, I do not believe I would care to know him, although he assumes to know me. He is angry because I differ with him. Well, I believe he will, on the same grounds, have cause to be angry with the majority of the men in this country after the next third of November.

* * *

No doubt there are piano and organ men who are conscientiously convinced that the silver dollar under a free coinage system of 16 to 1 will prove the panacea for all the ills we are suffering with. They are entitled to their belief as much as the gold men are entitled to their own, but if even all the piano and organ men were silver advocates that would prove nothing in favor of silver. Neither is the majority always right. The South does not at this day believe that the majority was right under Grant in 1864 and 1865. The question is not one of belief at all. It is a question of science, of knowlege. The ravings of farmers who are a large debtor class, and of unemployed people in large cities do not affect an abstract principle based on facts and on economic science, Mr. Silas. If a Democratic administration in Washington decides to place Government loans with bankers, instead of following the French system of popular subscription, it does not follow that a gold convention of the Republican party at St. Louis is to be held responsible. Under Republican rule at Washington there would have been no necessity for new loans in 1895 and 1896, and a Democratic administration in Washington was made possible only by the solid South, which is the same now in its attitude against gold and in favor of Bryan as it always has been since the practical disenfranchisement of the negro. The South gets representation and an electoral vote on the basis of a negro population, which is not permitted to vote, and that has necessarily produced Populism, because as Republicanism has been annihilated in the South another ism was adopted to represent the outs who wanted to take the place of the ins. As Republicans these had no show; as Populists they have, and the Democratic party, fearing a schism too great to contemplate, accedes to the main issue of Populism and will cast its solid South vote for Bryan and silver. How then can any Democrat blame the Republicans for the placing of Democratic loans with syndicates of bankers instead of making those loans popular subscription loans? Absurd. So much for Mr. Silas' popular loan accusation.

* * *

In fact the whole of Mr. Silas' letter is an attack on the Democratic party and myself. Nobody can tell whether the price of silver bullion will advance in case the free coinage agitation results in establishing the legality of the 16 to 1 silver dollar. Silver will be imported. The imported silver bullion is just as good as the domestic. We will gradually get a large silver reserve, and our gold reserve will, of course, disappear. Every great bank officer in America and Europe, and in Bombay, Acheen, Singapore, and even in Acapulco, Mexico, will tell Mr. Silas that bad money will always drive good money out of the country. The mints of this country will not be ready for years to coin the bullion that will be offered, and new mints will have to be established; this will take years. The fact that we will become the greatest customer of silver the world ever had will not reduce the supply; and hence I cannot see how the price will advance, and that advance in price must be very marked to represent about 90 per cent.—which is the difference between 53 and par.

* * *

When all the gold is out of the country and all the silver here at one dollar legal tender for 53 or even 63 cents' worth of bullion in the dollar (admitting such a rise, although a fall in price is just as probable) how will the piano and organ trade and the music trade generally stand? As far as we are all concerned, we readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER, we must take the trade and profession as our standard of measure. That's the thing that interests us; it interests Mr. Silas evidently. How will this trade stand?

Mr. Silas is right in saying that equalization will follow as a natural rule, but how? A dealer will have $1,000 due to him on instalment accounts. He must take 1,000 of those 53 cent dollars. Will he be able then to purchase for himself what he can now buy with the present gold basis silver dollars? With the present gold basis silver dollar that dealer can go to the printer and buy 1,000 bill-heads; with the 53 cent dollar he can only get 500. That piano dealer of course must make up the difference by charging nearly double the price for the instruments he sells. But that is future; the other is past and therefore signifies repudiation of indebtedness.

Of course, as nine-tenths of the small piano dollars will not be able to stand this, they will repudiate with the manufacturer; the manufacturer, who is also a debtor, will repudiate with the supply houses and the banks; these will also repudiate, and so it will go right along without end.

* * *

But a much worse feature even than this one now presents itself. I don't know whether Mr. Silas is an employer or an employé; but as his letter reads to me as if he were of the latter class, I will ask him if he really expects his piano firm to pay him 90 per cent. increase of wages after the remonetization of silver at 16 to 1? If he is now getting $1,800 a year in gold basis silver dollars or greenbacks convertible into gold does he expect his employer to start in and give him $3,400 a year in 53 cent dollars—or a little less (it would make about $3,396)? Does he really think any piano man, organ or music man in the 10,000 American employers in the line would do that? Mention the name of the man, Mr. Silas, who would do that. You cannot.

* * *

Up go beef, sugar, coffee, tea, bread, corn, whisky, medicine, soap, fruit, butter, cheese, milk. Up go clothes, hats, shoes, wood, coal, service in bringing and taking away the things. Up goes house rent and the piano dealer's store rent. Mr. Silas goes to the

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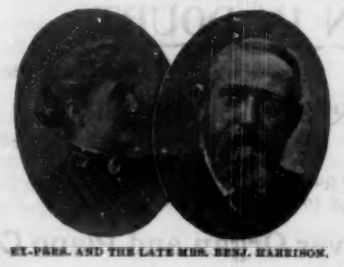
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boss and tells him his fix, and he replies: "I know it, Mr. Silas; I am sorry; it 's the same thing with me at home, and you know the New York, Boston and Chicago piano men have nearly doubled their wholesale prices, and people will have to become accustomed to this thing. You know, Mr. Silas, we have been selling those damned New York $75 boxes for $150 on monthly payments and we are now getting 53 cent dollars for them, and there is no chance henceforth to talk about pianos for less than $350 with these dollars around, and it will take a long time before people will get used to $500 and $800 retail for pianos, and those are the prices we will have to ask for the good goods, the only profitable instruments we have been handling in the past."

Mr. Silas, however, will push his thought along, for it's a good thing, and the piano dealer will pretend not to understand him, until friend Silas will say "Well, what becomes of me?" and the dealer will reply: "My dear man, I cannot pay you with any other silver dollars than those I take in. Do you expect me to pay you in gold, Mr. Silas?" And Silas will say, "Of course I do; you engaged me when gold was par; I was getting gold all the time, and if you cannot raise my salary just as the landlord raised your rent and my rent and the piano manufacturer raised his prices, why I shall have to go," and Mr. Silas goes. Not because the boss is a bad hearted or mean man; no, he actually tries to bargain with Silas, and offers to raise his salary a little—to 2,000; finally to 2,400, but Silas must get $3,400 to equal his old $1,800 gold pay. He cannot get that, for the merchant is too careful under the new experiment to increase his liabilities, and Silas goes. And thousands of Silases in the music trade will go, and thousands of Silases in the other trades will go, and thousands of Silases will remain in their places and will get no perceptible advance in salaries.

* * *

Mr. Silas should never forget that there is a great difference between the value of an article or of labor in metal and in coin. A piece of Government coin establishes no value at all; it may be a measure of value, but it is no standard of value. What a bale of cotton may be worth in Arkansas in coin of the United States Government has nothing whatever to do with the actual bullion value of that bale of cotton on the wharf at Liverpool, where it is near the spot where the cotton is transformed into wearing material. Our greatest anxiety in all such questions should be directed toward the results that will accrue to the agriculturist, for he is the one interested in the product of the soil, which, after all, is our staple of export. The stuff we raise *annually* (it isn't once; it is every year, like an annual subscription to THE MUSICAL COURIER), the annual income of the farmer, raised out of the soil, it is the thing we should view with the greatest solicitude; for that the world pays us in gold or something which must be and always is its equivalent. We cannot consume it here. The overwhelming mass of it goes abroad. Abroad they do not care if our Eastern brokers and bankers pay the farmer in manure or in dish rags for his cotton, his corn, his wheat, his fruit, his cattle. Abroad they fix the value under competitive rules in accordance with the general or universal supply and demand governing the particular article.

If the people of the United States will, by majority, say that the Government should stamp a Jaws Harp as a one dollar domestic token and make it a legal tender, the purchasers of our produce abroad don't bother, don't care and don't care to know. It does not affect them or their price. We need chemicals. We must buy them in Ceylon. The Ceylon merchant will not take our Jaws Harps. He wants Gold. Why does he want Gold, even though it does not circulate in his country? Because he can sell his foreign exchange to another merchant at home who has a large invoice of manufactured articles coming to Ceylon from Manchester, and the Manchester manufacturer will accept a New York Gold draft on a London banker, who transfers it to his Manchester branch bank to the credit of the Manchester manufacturer. This makes the all around settlement. It must be an all around settlement or it 's no business; and to be an all around settlement civilization at the present time and during this epoch says that gold can do it best and cheapest.

* * *

Now, how does this Ceylon chemical exporter happen to find a Gold draft in New York on London which is good in London? Because some English cotton importer has purchased American cotton and has paid for it by depositing the gold in the London bank, which has already accepted that draft, thus making it currency to pay the account. None of all these people, not even the New York cotton broker or the New York banker through whom he draws on the London bank, cares a damn what kind of deteriorated, depreciated, rotten stuff or how much of such rotten stuff the Southern cotton grower gets for his cotton here in America, or whether he is paid in Jaw's Harps or in 53 or 35 or 68 cent silver fiat dollars. None of those people referred to care. They have a general, self-understood standard of value. It is gold. Either the sovereign of Great Britain or the mark of Germany, or the franc of France or the dollar of the Union—but the unit must always be gold to get at the standard of the various values. Silver is valued entirely by this same gold standard, and in calling this proposed silver dollar a 53 cent dollar we mean 53 cents in gold. Mr. Silas and all of his friends cannot escape from that. Let them try. Let them try to call that 53 cent dollar by some other name.

* * *

There has never been any convention to make the gold unit the general unit; it has all come about in Asia, Africa, Australia, America, Europe spontaneously because of the greater confidence in gold as the most useful, the most secure and best adapted metal. There was no necessity for a convention, because nature did it with its law of natural selection. By force of that elementary law, the same law that made THE MUSICAL COURIER the greatest musical paper in the world, that did not make Mr. Silas, of Arkansas, the greatest logician in the world—by force of this law gold had to become the universal medium. That cannot be helped; can it? No. That is, humanity cannot change what nature ordains. Resolutions of Southern and Oklahoma and Vermillion County conventions cannot influence the nature of monetary transactions outside of the United States. But us—oh, yes—us these resolutions may damage. They may even end in doing lots of damage to the South and to the farmers and cattlemen and merchants of Oklahoma and Vermillion, but the workman in the Manchester mills will not know anything about it; nor will the man who gathers the roots and shells in Ceylon and sends the chemical ingredient

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here for our manufacturing necessities; nor will the London banker. They all will go ahead steadily on their gold basis, as they have been doing with Mexico and Peru, and, as they did before we resumed specie payment in 1879, with us. We can only legislate for ourselves, and the greatest item of demagogism that politicians have ever tried to ram down the throats of Americans is the theory of Mr. Bryan that this country is subject to the legislation of foreign countries. That is fit only for schoolboys to listen to.

This country has had the greatest record in manufactures, agriculture and industry ever known, and despite the crisis we are in these matters to-day ahead of the world. Foreign countries must have been legislating in our interests all the time; and if they really did such a thing it was for their own benefit, for it produced a reciprocity of interests that made both sides wealthy.

* * *

What makes me so dreadfully tired is to see men apply little, picayune notions, chiefly influenced by narrow individual pecuniary interests, to great universal conditions. "We are a great nation; all we have to do is to lock ourselves up and then go to work and devour ourselves." That 's the corollary of "America for Americans," the greater silver cry. All right. Let's eat all the wheat and corn; let's work up all the cotton and wear the goods in twenty thicknesses; let's eat all the steers and oxen; let's pay two dollars silver for a five cent cigar, and keep the fine Havanas out, so that the delicate perfume of delicious Vuelta Abajo tobacco can only be inhaled by noses leaving this country. Here we only must smoke stinkadoras at two silver American blessed land of liberty dollars apiece. But they stink, and we are happy because we are Americans.

* * *

But, on the other hand, let us also make a few exceptions by bringing in foreign opera artists, pay them $1,000 to $1,500 gold a night for singing, and when, once in a while, we engage an American singer we pay her or him $100 in grand American silver dollars. That 's the way to do it. Oh, there is nothing like America for Americans.

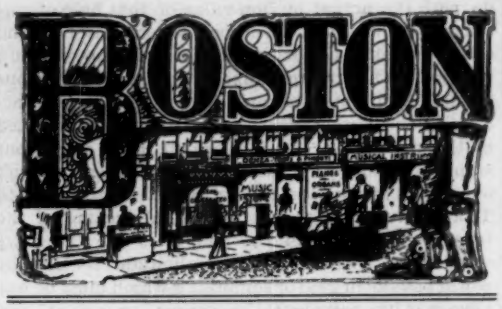
* * *

Last Saturday night when Bryan came to town I ran across a long whiskered gentleman from Iowa who was cheering himself crazy for silver. We struck up an acquaintance and he, after a while, wanted to go to a drug store. I took him to the place under the Auditorium, and he asked for insect powder. The clerk was about wrapping it up when the Iowa silver farmer said: "Say, don't put ary paper about dat; jus trow it in my beard." Yours,

M. T. POCCET.

—Mr. C. J. Heppe, of Philadelphia, with Mrs. and Miss Heppe, was in Saratoga the end of the past week concluding a round trip of summer resorts.

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BOSTON OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
17 Beacon street, August 15, 1896.

THE subject of the weather has been worn threadbare the past week and there are certainly no adjectives left in the language to express the misery it has inflicted upon us all.

To-day people are getting out their spring overcoats and making other preparations for autumn. What a climate!

* * *

To-day is the birthday of Mr. P. H. Powers, he being 70 years of age. Not 70 years old in feeling, he says, and certainly not in appearance. Many happy returns of the day.

* * *

The following invitation was sent to the members of the Boston Music Trade Association early in the week:

"A little outing has been arranged for the Boston Music Trade Association. The steam launch Cormorant has been chartered and the party will leave Boston Saturday, August 15, at 9:30 A. M., from Atlas Docks, Congress Street Bridge, South Boston side.

"Dinner will be served at the Surfside, Gloucester, at 12:30. Returning the steamer will reach Boston at about 5 P. M. Number of party limited to 75. Please notify the secretary not later than August 13 (Thursday) if you are to be present, and the number of guests. Expense to be about $3 each. CHANDLER W. SMITH, Secretary."

Many answers were received to this invitation, but as in the majority of cases the parties invited had made previous engagements for to-day and over Sunday, there were not enough acceptances to warrant the excursion, so it was given up.

* * *

Mr. James W. Vose has gone to Cottage City.

The business of the Vose & Sons Piano Company this week has been good.

* * *

Mr. E. N. Kimball left town on Thursday for Woodstock and the mountains, where he will remain for several days.

It is not expected that there will be a meeting of the creditors of the Hallet & Davis Piano Company for at least a fortnight.

* * *

Mr. S. A. Gould, of the Estey Company, returned from Maine on Monday and left for Philadelphia on Friday evening.

* * *

Mr. J. A. Norris has been in town during the week.

* * *

Mr. O. A. Field, of the O. A. Field Piano Company, St. Louis, Mo., passed through Boston on his way to the seashore early in the week.

* * *

Mr. Augustus Behning, of New York, spent a day in town recently.

The Autoharp.

ON Friday evening, August 14, Mr. Conrad Behrens gave the first of a series of concerts in the Catskills. This was given at the Hotel Kaaterskill. Mr. Behrens was assisted by Mr. Aldis J. Gery, Autoharp soloist, and Miss Rosa Bostelle, soprano, with Mrs. Eva Lund as an accompanist. The concert was a success in every particular. Special mention can be made of the last number on the program, Die Stille Wasserrose, sung by Mr. Behrens with Autoharp accompaniment. Mr. Behrens has expressed himself as thoroughly delighted with the harmonious effect of the Autoharp with the voice, and this expression coming from so eminent an authority fully justifies the many statements which have been made regarding the musical qualities of this instrument.

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Bad Piano Man.

O. F. ZOTTMAN, the piano man, as the *Herald* said yesterday, has picked up his traps and skipped by the light of the cold, cold moon. He has gone South where he can live on the festive banana, wear a velvet coat the year 'round and while away the fleeting moment in such ways as his variegated fancies may suggest. Mein Herr Zottman's flight prevented arrest, for Manager Williams, of the Clark-Whitson Music Company, was camping hot on his trail, and would have had him arrested for embezzlement had he not vamosed.

For the last two or three years Zottman has been acting as agent for the piano firm, and has been very industrious in planting pianos about the country. In fact he has fairly rained pianos both upon the just and upon the unjust, and wherever anyone could put up $25 or $30 as the first payment Zottman always sold the instrument, allowing the rest of the cash to come along on time. It is charged that Zottman gave receipts, but the management of the company says the cash remitted and the purchases by Mein Herr do not balance the discrepancy, at present amounting to about $600, "with the back counties yet to hear from." The figure is expected to run over in the thousand mark.

Zottman began to "cut some ice" over in Deming, where, it is charged, he gave a customer a receipt for $17, and took $8 more without giving any receipt. The money was not turned into the El Paso office, it is said, and as Manager Williams chanced to be in Deming he got wind of the performance and began a prosecution.

Zottman had previously left the active employ of the Clark-Whitson Music Company and started a business for himself, selling the Estey piano, renting a building on Mesa avenue.

He sold out his furniture Saturday, and his pianos are in the hands of other parties, while he and his wife have gone down into the land of the everlasting manana.

There is an Estey piano at the T. & P. depot subject to Zottman's orders. The railroad company will apprise the shippers of the condition of things here so they can reclaim their property.—*El Paso Herald.*

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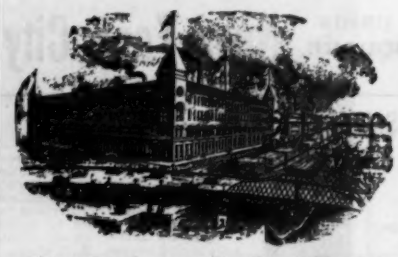
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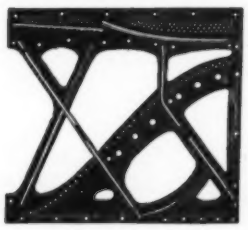
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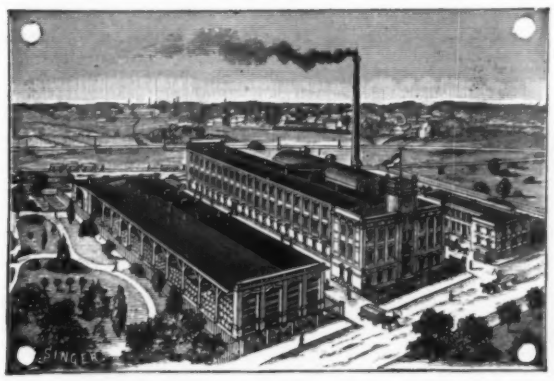
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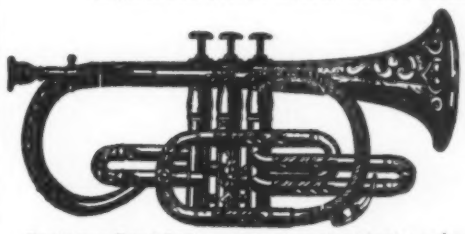
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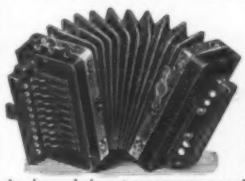
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